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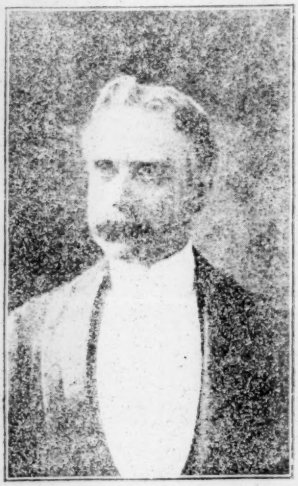

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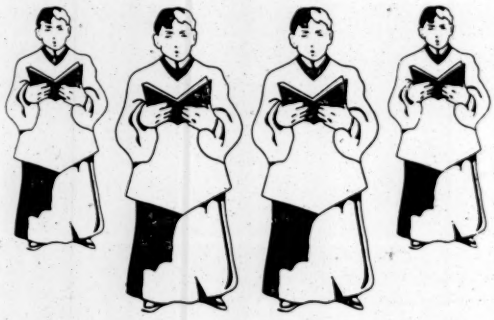

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THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW

FOURTH SERIES.—VOL. XI.—(XLI.)—JULY, 1909.—No. 1.

THE PONTIFICAL DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

HUMANLY speaking, the growth and development of the Church depends in no small degree on the attitude of the civil authorities toward her doctrines and ministers. Unfriendly or hostile rulers can hamper the efforts of the Church by a hundred odious restrictions. On the other hand, when the relations of Church and State are cordial and friendly, the former can freely fulfill her divine commission of preaching the Gospel to every creature, and gains rapidly in numbers and influence. Hence during the long centuries of her existence the Church has made every effort and every sacrifice, consistent with her divine constitution, to secure and maintain amicable and harmonious relations with the secular powers. At first she adopted the practice of sending a temporary legate to remove the causes of discord and reëstablish friendly relations with the civil authorities, but, since the closing years of the fifteenth century, a permanent representative of the Pope has been stationed at the capitals of the various Catholic nations.

The supreme head and guiding spirit of the entire pontifical diplomatic service is the Sovereign Pontiff. He marks out the policy to be adopted and the course to be pursued by the subaltern personnel, and no important transaction can be arranged or concluded without his knowledge and approval. The practical supervision and management of these matters is entrusted to the Secretary of State, who is aided and advised, on all im-

portant occasions, by the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. The diplomatic corps consists of legates of various ranks accredited to some twenty nations of Europe and South America.

The Papal Secretary of State.

Papal, or apostolic, secretaries were first employed by Innocent VI during the sojourn of the pontifical court at Avignon. The custom was retained by his successors, though the number of these officials fluctuated considerably during the various pontificates. Callistus III (1458) fixed their number at six; Innocent VIII (1492) employed twenty-three; Innocent XI (1678) retained only two. In the beginning of the reign of Leo XIII there were five secretaries attached to the papal court, but that pontiff suppressed the office of Secretary of Memorials, whose duty it was to take charge of the multitudinous petitions forwarded to the Pope from all parts of the Catholic world. The present Pope, in the Constitution *Sapienti consilio,* has consolidated the hitherto distinct offices of Secretary of Briefs to Princes and Secretary of Latin Letters, and, in addition, has assigned to one of the departments of the Secretariate of State the functions which formerly occupied a Secretary of Briefs. Hence, at the present time, there are but two papal secretaries, namely, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of Briefs to Princes and of Latin Letters.

The title of Papal Secretary of State in its modern acceptation was first borne by the great St. Charles Borromeo. He was appointed to this high office in 1560, at the early age of twenty-two years, by his uncle, Pope Pius IV, and retained the dignity until the accession of that pontiff's successor six years later. For over one hundred and thirty years this office was administered by a nephew, real or adopted, of the reigning pontiff. This practice of nepotism, which was countenanced and practised even by saintly popes, finds some palliation in the difficulties of the times, which seemed to render it inadvisable or imprudent for the rulers of the Church to

seek a trusted confidant and adviser, in the conduct of the temporal affairs of the papacy, outside the circle of their own immediate kindred. Innocent XII (1691) was the first to depart from this time-honored custom, and since his day the practice has been for the newly-elected pope to select one of the cardinals for this important office.

In accordance with the recent regulations of Pius X, the Secretariate of State is now divided into three departments. The first is concerned with business of an extraordinary, or unusually important, character, which is to be submitted for consideration to the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, or to one of the other Congregations. The second section has charge of all ordinary or routine matters. With some few exceptions, it has the right of granting all marks of honor, both ecclesiastical and civil, to those who have given some notable and valuable service to the Church and Religion. The last section arranges for the sending of the Apostolic Briefs committed to it by the various Congregations. Each of these sections has a president, who is subject directly to the Secretary of State. The Secretary of the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs presides over the first section; the substitute Secretary of State, who has charge of the cipher code used in sending important despatches to and from the nunciatures, directs the second section; the Chancellor of Apostolic Briefs is the superior of the third section. A number of minor officials, e. g., clerks, writers, archivists, accountants, are attached to each department.

Before the loss of the Temporal Power of the Popes the Secretary of State had a number of duties which have fallen into abeyance. Thus, for instance, he negotiated commercial treaties with foreign states, looked after the defence of the papal frontiers, provided for the naturalization of foreigners, and protected the rights of papal subjects in other countries.

The administration of the pontifical diplomatic service is, practically speaking, in the hands of the Secretary of State. With the consent of the Pope he selects the nuncios and other

representatives to the different governments which maintain diplomatic relations with the papal court. He furnishes these ambassadors with credential letters and instructions regarding the aim and objects of their mission and the methods they are to follow in their legations. He receives their reports on the state of religion in their districts and on the conduct of affairs in their embassies, and in turn keeps the nuncios in touch with the condition of the relations of Church and State throughout the world. He is the trusted counselor and mouthpiece of the Pope in devising and carrying into execution the politico-religious policy of the Holy See, and concludes, in the name of the Pope, all important conventions and concordats with the nations of the world. He must keep a vigilant eye on the course of events in all the great capitals of the world in order to give the Sovereign Pontiff timely information of any contemplated legislation which might militate against the interests of religion. On Tuesdays and Fridays he receives the diplomatists accredited to the Holy See, and returns the visits of ceremony of the royal personages who have had audience with the Pope.

In addition to these strictly diplomatic functions, the Secretary of State has many other important duties. He receives and examines the petitions for the erection and dismemberment of dioceses, and the reports on the character and fitness of those proposed for vacant episcopal sees in all countries of the world which are under the common law of the Church, except Italy, and presents his opinion and recommendation, based on these reports, to the Consistorial Congregation for final action. The newly-created Cardinals receive their assignments to one or more of the Roman Congregations through the Secretary of State, who also appoints, with the knowledge and consent of the Pope, the Consultors of these Congregations. He replies to the numerous telegrams and letters of greeting and homage which are sent to the Holy Father on the occasion of notable gatherings of Catholics throughout the world. On behalf of the Pope he sends letters of commendation and congratulation and bestows marks of distinc-

tion on those who have performed some signal service to religion by their writings or works of beneficence. Frequently he sounds a note of warning to the bishops of different dioceses, calling their attention to dangerous tendencies in their respective flocks, and pointing out the harm which may result if these tendencies are not repressed and counteracted. Again, as president of the commission of Cardinals for the administration of the property of the Holy See, it is his duty to make up the annual budget of receipts and expenses and provide for the maintenance of the apostolic palaces. The present Secretary of State is a member of the following important Congregations: Consistorial, Holy Office, Council, Sacred Rites, and Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. Until its recent annexation to the Congregation of the Council, he was prefect of the Congregation which had charge of the Holy House of Loretto. He is also a member of the Commissions for Biblical Studies and for the Preservation of the Faith in the city of Rome, and acts as Cardinal Protector for some nine religious orders and confraternities.

From the foregoing remarks it is abundantly evident that the duties of the Papal Secretary of State are both numerous and important and frequently of extreme delicacy. Hence it is absolutely necessary that the incumbent of this office should be dowered with talents of no ordinary calibre. He must have a profound acquaintance with canon and international law, as well as with the laws of the different nations with which the Papacy holds diplomatic relations. He must be fully conversant with all the important politico-religious controversies of bygone days, and the various concordats and conventions which link the Church and State in many lands. Likewise he should be well versed in ecclesiastical history, the scope and extent of the jurisdiction of the Church, and the acts and decisions of the popes. Hand in hand with all this knowledge should be found an exquisite tact and prudence, an indispensable requisite for a successful diplomatist.

Immediately after the death of the Pope the Secretary of State informs the Cardinal Camerlengo, who takes possession

of the Apostolic palace. The Secretary of State notifies the diplomatic corps accredited to the Vatican and also the papal representatives abroad of the demise of the Pope, and surrenders his office, which is administered during the interregnum by the Secretary of the Sacred College.

The Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs.

Before acting in any matter of more than ordinary importance the Secretary of State submits the facts to the Congregation for Extraordinary Affairs for their consideration and advice. This is particularly the case when the matter in hand has "some connexion with civil laws and relates to the pacts entered into with different states." Practically speaking, this Congregation may be considered as an advisory board for the Secretary of State in weighty affairs of a diplomatic character, since it takes cognizance only of those matters which are submitted to it by the Supreme Pontiff through that official. It is popularly known as "the Grand Council of the Church" on account of the important business which is discussed in its sessions.

Before the closing years of the eighteenth century questions concerning the relations of Church and State were discussed by the Pope and Cardinals assembled in Consistory, or, if the matter was of a specially delicate nature, it was referred to a select number of the Cardinals who formed a temporary "Congregation of State."

The French Revolution destroyed the ancient relations between Church and State in France, and, as a consequence, many delicate and intricate questions arose which frequently demanded immediate action and decision. On account of their mode of procedure the existing Congregations, within whose competency these matters would naturally fall, were unable to consider them with the requisite celerity. To provide for such emergencies Pius VI, in 1793, established a new Congregation "for the Ecclesiastical Affairs of the Kingdom of France". This Congregation was suppressed in 1809 when

Pius VII was carried a prisoner into France at the orders of Napoleon I. Five years later, on his return to the Eternal City, the Pope reëstablished this commission on a new basis, and gave it authority to deal with urgent matters throughout the world. Until 1823 it was styled "The Extraordinary Congregation for the Ecclesiastical Affairs of the Catholic World."

Previous to 3 November, 1908, this Congregation had complete charge and control of all ecclesiastical business relating to the dioceses of South America, Russia, and the Portugese possessions in Asia and Africa. This unusual condition of affairs was occasioned by the revolt of the South American provinces from the Spanish Crown in 1820. Before that time all petitions from these countries were submitted to the Holy See through the Spanish *Agencia de Preces*. Until Spain had formally acknowledged the independence of the colonies the Pope did not wish to deal with them directly, and so placed them under the protection of this extraordinary Congregation. This temporary, or provisional arrangement became after 1850 the permanent way of conducting ecclesiastical affairs in those regions. The recent Constitution of Pius X transferred all Vicariates, Prefectures, and Missions hitherto subject to this Congregation to the jurisdiction of the Congregation *de Propaganda Fide*.

As was noted above, the competency of this Congregation is not restricted to any special class of affairs, but it is authorized to consider any matter which the Pope may submit to it through the Secretary of State. Its chief work, however, is to examine the provisions of all proposed conventions and concordats between the Holy See and secular powers, and to solve any doubts or difficulties which may arise concerning the extension or interpretation of the terms of these agreements.

This Congregation consists of sixteen Cardinals, a secretary (who is *ex officio* a consultor of the Consistorial Congregation), and a sub-secretary. The routine and office work is performed by the officials of the first section of the Secre-

tariate of State, which is presided over by the Secretary of this Congregation. In addition to the salaried personnel there are several aspirants, or apprentices, in the office of the Secretary of this Congregation. These aspirants receive a thorough practical training in diplomacy, and, after a successful test, are appointed to the positions of auditor or secretary of one of the papal legations, or are attached to the staff of officials in the office of the Secretary of State. The Congregation meets on Thursdays, but a plenary session of the Cardinals is rather infrequent. The ordinary practice is to submit the business in hand to a sub-committee composed of those Cardinals whose special knowledge and experience point them out as best qualified to give an opinion on the matter.

JOSEPH J. MURPHY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SITE OF THE MULTIPLICATION OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

SOME time ago a discussion on the above subject took place in the London *Tablet*. A good deal of confusion was exhibited among the writers who took part in the controversy, owing to a want of *an exact knowledge of the locality*.

I think a clear understanding on this point would do much toward removing some of the obscurities which surround the subject, and toward unraveling the apparent contradictions in the accounts of the four Evangelists.

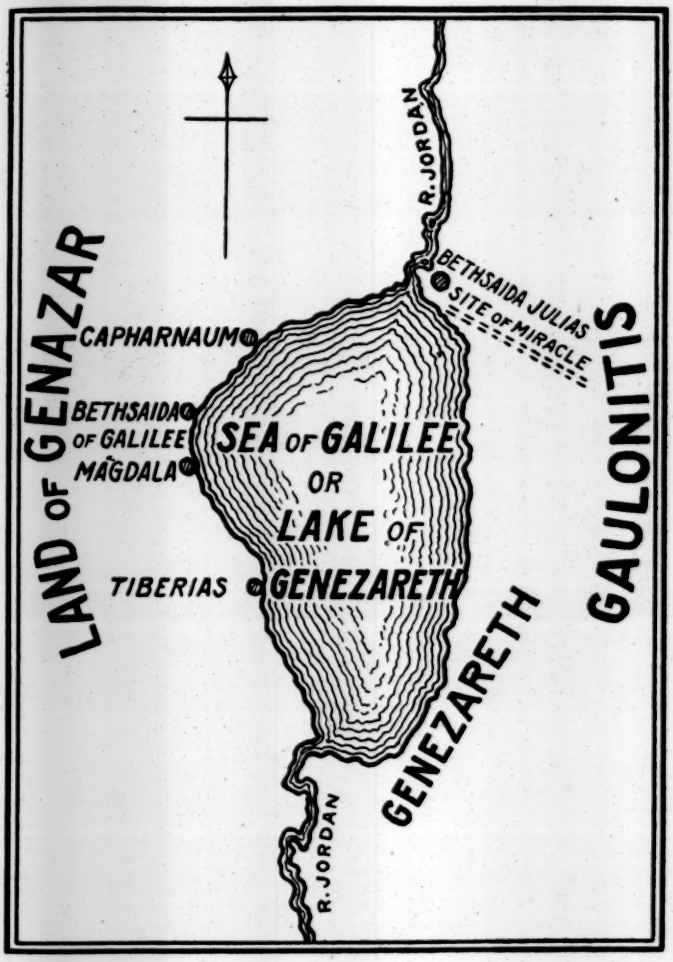
The Rev. Gerald Stack, one of the above-mentioned correspondents, seems to labor under considerable difficulty,[1] owing to a want of knowledge of the locality.

It may therefore be well to give, in a few words, a clear description of the *locus in quo* of this chapter, and to fill in, from the other Evangelists, the lacunas left by St. John. It will then be seen how neatly all the four accounts can be pieced together and reconciled.

[1] See *Tablet*, February, 1908.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

otherwise, the Lake of Genezareth, or the Sea of Tiberias, is really a fresh-water lake, being nothing more than an expan-



sion of the River Jordan, and not a "sea" in our sense of the word; and the "ships" spoken of constantly in the Gospels were merely row-boats, or sail-boats.

The Sea or Lake of Galilee is about thirteen miles in length

from north to south, and in its broadest part, from east to west, seven miles in width. It is somewhat in the shape of a pear, the narrowest part corresponding to that where the stalk is attached to the fruit, being at the south end of the lake, where the River Jordan flows out toward the Dead Sea. The broadest part is toward the north, or more correctly north-west. The River Jordan, coming down from the "waters of Merom", flows into the lake at the northeast corner. The lake may also be compared to an irregular (scalene) triangle, the angles being slightly rounded, and the sides somewhat bulgy. These sides may be roughly called the east, west, and north sides. At about the middle of the west side is situated the town of Tiberias, from which the lake sometimes takes its name, as mentioned above. In going northward along the west shore of the lake from Tiberias we pass the ruins of Magdala (*El Medjdel*) situated at the northwest angle of the lake. From this place the shore begins to trend gradually toward the north-east and forms what we may call the base of the triangle.

About three miles further on we come to the ruins of the *Khan Minieh* the site of the

ANCIENT BETHSAIDA.

This is Bethsaida of Galilee (in contradistinction to Bethsaida of Gaulonitis of which I will speak further on), the City of Peter, and Andrew, and Philip. The distance from this Bethsaida to the north-east angle, where the Jordan enters the lake, and where was the site of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, is a little over four miles. About half-way between these points, that is to say about two miles north-east of Bethsaida, and two miles west of the field of the Miracle was situated the town of Capharnaum, now marked by a heap of ruins known as Tell-Houm.

Let us now come to the consideration of

CHAPTER VI. ST. JOHN.

The Chapter begins abruptly—"After these things." This phrase is frequently used by St. John, especially when he has

left out some episode, or other portion which has been fully narrated by the other Evangelists. The object of John, writing so many years after the other Evangelists, was to fill in certain events or facts omitted or only cursorily alluded to by them. Hence in reading St. John's Gospel, we must take it in connexion with the others, and supply from them what is necessary to complete the narrative. In the chapter immediately preceding this (V.) St. John is relating a discourse of our Lord at Jerusalem. Now without any intermediate explanation he commences to relate what took place in Galilee. We must turn to the other Gospels to fill in the events which happened in the meantime. When Jesus heard of the capture of St. John the Baptist, he retired from Jerusalem and returned to Galilee (Matth. 4: 12). The preaching and miraculous cures, raising of the dead to life, etc., are then narrated by the other Evangelists, covering a period of about five months, from November to March. St. John passes all this time over in silence, and suddenly breaks in at the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes.

The words "After these things", then, may be taken to mean, after all these things related by the other Evangelists. The Apostles whom Jesus had sent out on their first mission, returned to Capharnaum, and related all they had done and said (Luke 9: 10). They also related all the particulars of the cruel martyrdom of John the Baptist, which they had learnt from his disciples. Then Jesus, being so pressed and surrounded by the crowd at Capharnaum that He and His Apostles could get no time even to eat or rest, told the Apostles to get a boat; for they would go apart unto a lonely place that they might remain unmolested at least for a short time. So "they went over the sea into a desert place apart" (John 6: 1). "Which is that of Bethsaida" (Luke 9: 10). This is the first and only time in the Gospels, in which this Bethsaida (which was not Bethsaida of Galilee but Bethsaida Julias) is mentioned, and it has caused much misunderstanding among commentators. This Bethsaida was in the Province of Gaulonitis on the *east* side of the Jordan, and about

a mile or so to the north of the lake of Genezareth. It was founded by Philip, son of Herod the Great, Tetrarch of Gaulonitis. He gave it the name of Julias in honor of Julia, the daughter of the Emperor Augustus. This name superseded the older name of Bethsaida; but the former name, as often happens, was still retained by the common people, who resent such changes, and hence it is mentioned by St. Luke as stated above. This is another proof of the reliability of the Gospels, even in the minutest matters. In the text quoted above (John 6:1) it is stated that "they went over, or across, the sea" *trans mare:* πέραν τῆς θαλάσσης. This expression is frequently used in the Gospel, not only in the sense of going across the middle of the lake from one side to the other; but also for going from one point to another along the coast or shore, as for instance from Tiberias to Magdala, along the west shore. The Greek ἀπελθεῖν πέραν, to go forward, expresses the idea better than the Latin *transfretare,* which conveys the idea of crossing. "A great multitude" (verse 2) watched Jesus and the Apostles leaving the shore in the boat, at Capharnaum, and when they saw them turning eastward they followed them along the shore. St. John says simply "they followed Him, *sequebantur eum*"—ἠκολούθει δὲ αὐτῷ ὄχλος πολύς. The Rev. Fr. Stack (in the *Tablet,* 1 February, 1908) here adds: "across the lake". But there is no such thing in the Gospel, and it shows how careful we should be not to add to or substract from the sacred text one single iota. The crowd did not go "across the lake" in boats. They went across the shore on land, as is expressly stated by both St. Matthew and St. Mark. St. Matthew (14:13) says ἠκολούθησαν αὐτῷ πεζῇ, that is "they followed him on foot" (*pedestres,* in the Vulgate), and St. Mark (6:33) enlarges on this part of the narrative. When they saw whither Jesus was going, "they ran flocking thither *on foot*": πεζῇ συνέδραμον, "*pedestres . . . cucurrerunt.*" We have seen that the distance was only two miles, and there was at that time a good road along the shore between Capharnaum and Julias, and most probably a bridge over the Jordan. At all events the Jordan at this point is but a very small brook;

and whether by bridge or ford, the people got across, even before Jesus and the Apostles had arrived there by boat. "They were there before them," *praevenerunt eos* (ib.). The water at this part of the lake is rather shoal, and the disciples were obliged to make a considerable *détour* out into the lake. This might indeed have induced the necessity of tacking. The weather was also very squally. All these causes would have delayed somewhat the boat's passage. When Jesus and His party had arrived at the shore (on the east side of the Jordan), the people had already collected to the number of five thousand (John 6: 10). The crowd from Capharnaum had been swelled by contingents from all the neighboring cities (Mark 6: 33). The plain stretches on all sides for over a mile, and even to this day is a splendid grazing ground (*erat autem foenum multum in loco*—John 6: 10). When I visited it in 1896, large numbers of cattle were grazing there.

Jesus first "went up into a mountain and there sat with His disciples" (v. 3). There are hills surrounding this plain. Then He began "to teach them many things" (Mark 6: 34) "concerning the Kingdom of God" (Luke 9: 11). Then evening came on, "the day began to decline" (John 6: 12). Then follows the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. The people, after they had been fed and satisfied, in their gratitude wanted to make Jesus King; but He, knowing their thoughts, first "obliged His disciples to go up into the ship that they might go before Him back again to Bethsaida" (of Galilee [Mark 6: 45]), or "to Capharnaum" (John 6: 17). The Douay version here has: "to go before him *over the water* to Bethsaida". The words "over the water" are intended for a translation of the Vulgate words "*ut praecederent eum trans fretum*". The correct translation would be "across the strait" or "arm" of the lake formed by the mouth of the river. But these words are not at all in the Greek, nor anything equivalent to them. It simply has προάγειν εἰς τὸ πέραν, "to go on before." The Authorized Version has "to go before Him unto the other side", but that is also gratuitous and misleading. They put out to sea. Jesus

remained ashore; and, having dismissed the crowd, he "fled again to the mountain Himself alone" to avoid their importunities about making Him King; "it was now dark" (v. 17).

At about the fourth watch of the night (Mark 6:48), i. e., the *antelucanum* or *vigilia matutina* (which in that latitude and at that season of the year [March] would be about twelve minutes past three a. m.), they had made about twenty-five or thirty stadia or furlongs (v. 19)—that is, a little over three miles on their voyage.

We do not know exactly when they set out, but it was about twilight, probably half or three-quarters of an hour after sunset, or about half-past six or seven o'clock p. m. They would then have been eight hours out by the commencement of the fourth watch. They had therefore made but very poor headway. That however is well accounted for. "The sea rose by reason of a great wind that blew" (v. 18); "the wind was against them" (Mark 6:48); "the boat in the midst of the sea was tossed with the waves" (Matth. 14:24).

It is to be noted that they had proceeded about three and a half miles, so that they had actually passed beyond Capharnaum, and were about half way between that place and Bethsaida (of Galilee). Now the supernatural comes in. "Jesus being alone on the shore, seeing them laboring in rowing, cometh to them walking on the sea" (Mark 6:47). As soon as Jesus came into the ship, the wind ceased, "and presently the ship was at the land to which they were going" (v. 21). This place is said (Mark 6:53) to be "the land of Genezareth"; but that is the name of the whole district on this west side of the lake, "the land of Genezar" (Matth. 14:34), and only means that they were not any longer in the land or province of the Gaulonitis. The exact spot of their landing however is not indicated. When Jesus, on the evening before, had told them to get into the ship, He commanded them, according to St. Mark (6:45), to go to Bethsaida. But St. John says (6:17) that they went to Capharnaum. These places are quite near each other, and both may have been mentioned. They may have been told to go to one or

the other according as the wind suited. From the distance made, as mentioned above, it seems most probable that they landed at Bethsaida, or at all events somewhere beyond (i. e. to the westward of) Capharnaum. If they did not actually make land at Capharnaum, they certainly came there early in the morning, for we learn (v. 24) that the multitude, who had slept on the ground on the site of the miracle, awaking in the morning could not find Jesus anywhere. They had seen the disciples going away in the boat that had left that evening, and knew that Jesus had not gone with them. Now they went aboard some boats (v. 24) which had come during the night across the lake from Tiberias, and returned by them to Capharnaum. Many no doubt returned, as they had come, by land; and many remained on the *eastern* side of the River Jordan (not the *western*, as the Rev. Fr. Stack says).

Those who came to Capharnaum found Jesus there, "on the other side of the sea" (Douay); *trans mare* (Vulgate); πέραν τῆς θαλάσσης (Greek); that is to say on *this* side, or on the *other* side from that where they had seen Him the evening before, and where they thought they had left Him. They were astonished and asked Him how and when He had come here (v. 25) to Capharnaum.

Then Jesus went to the synagogue (v. 60) and delivered the sublime discourse on the Eucharist. There can be no doubt then that it was in the synagogue at Capharnaum that Jesus spoke that wonderful discourse containing the promise of the Eucharist, which St. John relates in the concluding portion of this chapter.

The foregoing explanation, apparently unreasonably minute in details, is nevertheless necessary to enable us to reconcile the apparent inconsistencies and contradictions which have proved a stumbling-block to so many writers, in considering this chapter. It will, I think, also prove a help toward the understanding of the sublime subject of the promise of the Divine Institution of the Eucharist which immediately follows in St. John's Gospel.

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PADRE FILIPPO'S ZEAL.

DON RAFFAELLO, although inhabiting an airy, cool house where the walls were nearly a yard in thickness, in an old and most picturesque part of Florence, felt the heat very much, and wondered if his sixty-six years made him more susceptible to it, or whether—as so many were saying—the "San Giovanni" was really hotter than usual. As he packed his little canvas-covered valise in preparation for the morrow's journey he smiled to himself often, with pleasurable anticipation of seeing Pippo, and of the fresh air he would have on the lovely Umbrian heights, and of the rest which he began to realize he much needed, for it was long since his last holiday. He was going on a visit to the Pievano of Santa Maria delle Grazie, a church in one of the brown hill-cities of *Verde* Umbria, and, as he had not seen him since the day of the young man's ordination, it thrilled the old priest's heart to think of doing so, for in Filippo Bagliardo he took a deep and fatherly interest.

Don Raffaello came of humble parents who kept a tiny general-store shop in a quiet, gray, Tuscan village, where the women plaited straw and reared chickens, whilst the men worked in the fields and vineyards where great bullocks, with limpid eyes and slow steps, drew laden wagons which creaked and strained, up and down the straggling hillside roads. As a barefooted child, running errands for his parents between school hours, he had always looked forward to the day when he should go to the Seminary to prepare for the priesthood to which he had been dedicated before his birth; for Assunta had prayed with so much fervor and frequency to Maria Santissima, requesting her to send her a son, that, had her prayer this time not have been answered, she would, it is to be feared, have treated the Madonna Santa to some very frank reproaches, if not a downright scolding in the vernacular with its strong Tuscan accent. As Assunta remarked, if, after all the novenas and pilgrimages she had made for some years, she were to be rewarded by the appearance of four *feminine*,[1]

[1] Females.

and Our Lady had not sent a son this time, it would have been indeed "*un po' troppo*" !

With perfect simplicity Don Raffaello made his studies, responding with sincerity to the solemn query as to being called to the life, firmly believing that, since it was the wish of his mother and there being nothing in his heart inimical to it, he might enter the priesthood. Until his first curacy, all went on in a characteristically tepid way. Glad to be settled for life, he accepted as part of his lot the poverty and struggle for existence common to so many of his native clergy, taking it all and his sacerdotal duties as a matter of course, meanwhile never becoming "acquainted with his own soul".

However, one day as he knelt making his thanksgiving after saying Mass, he was conscious of a great search-light in the deepest depths of his being, the *lumen cordium* revealing to him for the first time in his life that which he had undertaken in becoming a priest. The irrevocableness of the fact that there was no escape from the Office, overwhelmed him; he was—as others have been before him, as they will be to all time—panic-stricken. Terror possessed him, the dread of not fulfilling his vocation worthily, the fear, ah—he shivered as the thought obsessed him—that he had really had no vocation at all. Apprehensiveness *per se* took his whole being by storm, and he learnt all that is meant by words of inspired writ: "Fear is nothing else but a yielding up of the succors from thought." Bereft of this support, viewing only the abyss of his own nothingness, what wonder that he trembled, suffered, until the One, greater than he had ever realized Him to be, whose justice and pity never fail, came to his aid.

The young priest emerged from this time of deep spiritual experience stronger, abler, wiser; and, believing firmly that the gift of vocation could come to him now, his faith was rewarded, for—it came. It had been the work not of a day or a week, but a slow and gradual change, and his inner life of which hitherto he had made but little account, became to him a veritable paradise—the *vita mistica* with all its wondrously entrancing supernatural ethics.

It was in beautiful Florence at a church to which he was attached as one of the clergy, that he came to know Filippo Bagliardo, the son of a rich tradesman whose shop was in the Via Strozzi. The bright, excitable boy who used so often to serve his Mass, was greatly attached to the slow, quiet, self-contained priest who was always so kind to him and so good a listener to all his confidences, and who helped him with wise counsel when he had to face his anti-clerical father's opposition to his own intense desire for the priesthood.

One autumn afternoon when Don Raffaello sat in his confessional, several women waiting near, the next in turn had to give way to Filippo, who, coming up rapidly and opening the doors, knelt as men often do in Italy, at the priest's knees. He made his confession, and took a resolution. The boy kissed the priest's hand, and left; the doors were again closed, and the waiting women went to confession as before, so that Don Raffaello could not find time then to think over the good news Filippo had brought him and to give himself up to the luxury of its joy. The Signora Arroni, Filippo's aunt at Lucca, having heard of her brother-in-law's threat to disinherit her nephew if he went to a Seminary, out of love for her dead sister, the boy's mother, offered to pay for his studies and give him enough to live on when he became a priest.

But this was all long ago, much having happened since then. Don Raffaello's parents died one summer within a short time of each other, and now lay in the little church-yard on the hill-side, whence on a clear day you could see the brown dome of the Florence Cathedral and Giotto's lily tower. Over Assunta and Pietro's graves were head-stones on which their portraits were painted in oils under glass. Their children were glad to have been able to afford this, to them, pleasing mark of respect to their parents' memory, especially on All Souls' day, when the graves looked their best and they came to pray beside them. Little lamps which they had filled with oil the day before, would be burning brightly; they would bring a couple of egg-shaped wreaths of artificial flowers, and Don Raffaello who would have come from Florence to see his sisters

and visit the cemetery with them, would return to the little shop and have some chianti and bread, and talk over old days, while the villagers looked in and wished him a *ben tornata,* and shared in the pride the hard-working women took in having their one brother a priest—and in a town parish too. On the great day of Filippo's ordination, he was calm, tense, and gravely happy, the only drawback being that as the ceremony took place at Lucca where he had made his studies, Don Raffaello was obliged to leave just after breakfast. Neither of them being fond of letter writing they seldom corresponded, and by some repeated mischances had not met since that memorable day.

The valise contained a pair of new boots which Don Raffaello, who was noticeably careless in his attire, had bought the day before, in honor of his visit. As he put them in he reflected that he had been in too great a hurry, for he had not made a good bargain, and if he had only stayed and argued the question out at greater length he would no doubt have got twenty-five centesimi [2] off the price, and that to the soul of an Italian was a matter of regret which would have been felt by those much better off than our friend.

With a pleased expression he put in a little packet of chocolate biscuits, for which he remembered Pippo had a fondness, and also some *pan forte,* a Siena specialty, which had been sent him from there, and which he thought the young priest might like as much as he had done in his boyhood days.

Next morning Don Raffaello, after saying a very early Mass, made a hasty breakfast of coffee and bread and departed for the station, his valise being carried for him by a small boy for whom that twenty-five centesimi would have done nicely had he taken more time about the purchase of the boots.

How delightful that early morning journey was, and how the old priest's eyes glistened as the train steamed through the exquisite vale of Umbria, from which Perugino took so many

[2] Five cents.

of his wonderful hues, finding in the faces of the women and girls inspirations and studies for his Madonnas or saints. The classic lake of Trasimene with olive groves rising above its borders and its little islands, were hidden from view as he passed it, for the morning mists were heavy, but the plain of Umbria was but lightly veiled by them, and the names of places he noted and looked for thrilled him through and through. Those winding streams among the cypresses and willows, all tributaries of the Tiber, sounded a note of the memory of Rome. There on the hill slopes was Assisi, pearl and queen of Umbria as she is called by those who love her, the Jerusalem of Italy, with its holy places, lost in a dream of the treasures and the traditions of the enchanting vale and its cities. Don Raffaello nearly passed his station. But an eager sun-burnt face looked in at a window; the door was opened quickly, and before he quite realized that he had arrived he was being kissed on both cheeks by the young Pievano, his dear Pippo.

Don Raffaello's valise was soon in the strong hands of his young friend, who slackened his pace to suit that of the elder man, as together they mounted the dusty white winding road to the old brown, irregularly built town, almost enclosed in walls centuries old and behind which were dark woods, while to the right was the bluish outline of the Apennines.

The Pievano's church just at the end of the town was ugly outside, while the faded glories of old frescoes which arrested a color-loving eye were discoverable in the dim interior with its many gaudily decorated altars and smoke-darkened images, all pathetically poor.

The sanctuary walls were stenciled in hideous designs; but the altar, with Carrara marble pillars, had above it a very good picture of Our Lady. There were paper flowers galore, and the carpet was liberally spotted with wax. On the top of one of the sanctuary choir-stalls was a feather duster, oil can, and oily rags, left there by Nazzareno, who was sacristan, servant, gardener, cook, and general helper at the presbytery.

Don Raffaello knelt for some time at the altar-rails in his

young friend Pippo's church until startled by the whispered request of the latter that he should come indoors as the mid-day meal was ready, or would be so when his guest had washed off the dust of travel in the bare, brick-floored guest chamber opposite Pippo's own. The floor had been well sprinkled with cooling water, and the green outside shutters and windows had been closed early to keep in the refreshing night air; all felt clean and sweet and wholesome. There was a painted iron bedstead, a triangular wash-stand, also in iron, with a small white jug and basin, over which hung thin wispy towels on a hook, a chest of drawers, two chairs, and a red damask armchair, while a crucifix and picture of Our Lady hung over the oak praying-desk.

The dining and general sitting-room looked on the garden, the wall of which was on ground shelving down to a narrow road.

Don Raffaello's visit was a *festa* for his young host, and in consequence he had had an exceptionally good meal arranged, after consultation with Nazzareno, who was rather proud of his talents in the direction of cookery. A nice *risotto alla Milanese* followed the excellent *minestra;* poached eggs on mashed potatoes with cheese grated on them; tomatoes stewed in garlic, and two dishes of meat. Excepting on the tables of the wealthy, a sweet dish seldom appears in Italy, unless it be on Sundays and Thursdays; but this day, *zabbaione* [8] was served in coffee cups before the dessert, consisting of biscuits—late cherries. They enjoyed the simple feast and the good *vino nostrale,* a rush-covered flask of which stood on the table. Nazzareno's gentle smile deepened as he saw how his cookery was appreciated and heard the visitor's commendations. The fare, served on thick white plates, so much better than that to which both men were accustomed, was also eaten with the *Salsa di San Bernardo,* the recipe for which need not be looked for in any cookery-book, as it merely means hunger, which the Saint used to say answered to him as sauce for the humblest fare.

[8] Egg-nog.

The Pievano carried out the traditions of his country by often pressing his guest to eat and drink more, until at last the latter's emphatic but deprecatory assurance that with the best intentions he could not possibly do so, brought the happy little feast to a close.

"You will go and have your *siesta* now, Padre?" asked the Pievano after grace had been said: his guest assented and was soon leaning back in the red chair in his bedroom. The sounds of Nazzareno washing up—singing as he did so—and of the men playing *morra* in the road below, the shriek of an engine, the hoarse voices of two women quarreling over the price of a feebly clucking fowl—all became fainter, and he fell asleep.

The Pievano's brown eyes, however, did not close for long; he was excited over the event of Don Raffaello's visit, and soon he went and sat down under a big fig-tree which made an oasis of shade in the garden. Emerald-colored lizards shot in and out of the crevices in the stone walls, the woodeny note of the cicalè—so dear to all lovers of the South—struck monotonously and unceasingly on the hot air, and under the lapislazuli-hued sky the whole country lay in the golden dazzle of the summer afternoon. Not a cloud was to be seen, but rain, much needed for land, for vines and olives, for all vegetation, would, it was hoped, come "between the *madonnas*," i. e. July the second and the Assumption.

He thought over endless things he wished to discuss with his old friend, but the opportunity did not occur until the third day, when in the afternoon they sat together after dinner on a rickety bench in the garden with its sun-parched earth and its tangle of weeds, its flowers and a little *podere* in the furthest part of it. A silence in which the thoughts of both were busy was broken by Don Raffaello:

"Now, *figlio mio*, what is the matter?"

"Did I say there was anything?"

"*Che, che*—trying to pretend—"

"There are things which worry me—I have a battle to fight, a work to do, and I do not see my way," said the Pievano.

"*Davvero?*" Don Raffaello was full of interest.

Don Raffaello, who had been very observant since his arrival, had feared that his Pippo was unhappy in his life, and the few words reassured him—everyone *Dio mio!* had worries, but he spoke of a work to do—that was good—he need not fear!

"I see all there is to be done—a stupendous work, and if no one takes it in hand, how is it ever to be effected? On all sides, one sees superstition—yes, *Padre mio,* superstition, instead of a pure and clear faith in the great mysteries of our holy religion,"—for the elder priest had started at his vehemence. "Look at all the foolish devotions, the stress which the poor people, and not only they, lay on pictures and medals and *sciochezze* of every sort and kind to which they pin their faith! I have thought of it all for so long, our magnificently grand religion is so hidden by rubbish that the beauty of it is lost. If these people thought more of the great sacrifice of the Mass, of Our Lady, St. Joseph, and other great saints, it would be better for them."

"Where did you pick up these ideas?" asked Don Raffaello calmly.

"I have some friends at Perugia—we talk—besides, I had thought it all out before. What good does it do them, all this devotion to SS. A—B—C?" said he, naming popular saints little known out of Umbria. Let the people read the Gospels."

"They cannot read—at least, the older ones cannot. You demand miracles, my son."

"*Sì Sì lo so,* but the younger ones will learn and do learn. Anyway, it is the word of God and should be in their hands."

"Yes—good if they can read and if they go to sermons which will explain it to them, but Italians are not a reading people, even in the *alta sfera;*[4] and you must remember that there will always be those to whom reading, even the sacred Scriptures, is dangerous, for they try to interpret it in their own fanciful ways. I know a *forestiere* in Florence, and he

[4] Higher classes.

has told me that in England there are three hundred sects which have all come into existence from this private interpretation."

"So I have heard," said the Pievano, "but the fact that it has been abused is no real reason for denying its use in the right way. However, the superstition is sad—like people living on dry bread and water when they might feast like kings."

"They can exist, however, Pippo, on bread and water, and I cannot agree with you about medals, images, and all the helps to devotion which the Church gives her children. They are not rubbish, not unimportant, for they are as a little link between the seen and the unseen, and in themselves often remind people of what is good—the blessings they bring are great. They are not *de fede* as you know—"

"Of course," hastily assented the Pievano.

"Well, let those use them who perhaps cannot attain to more; it keeps the light of faith in their souls; it helps their souls to live, for there is an element of faith in the very fact that they use them. To the poor and ignorant they mean a great deal, and *Gesù* accepts what they can give and does not look for what they cannot. The good God who made them regards these people as we do not, as we cannot. He judges with other eyes than ours, allows for the conditions under which they live, the various nations with their different modes and ways of life, *figlio mio*. He understands all languages, and things that we hastily condemn as weak and foolish, may have in them that sign of belief which is pleasing in His sight."

For a minute there was silence.

"I am a *distruttore*—a demolisher—that—that is the work I should like to do—to sweep away all these poor petty things, and train the minds of the people to use the Sacraments more, to have their minds filled with the word of God and not the foolish legends the—"

"*Come?* how foolish legends?" asked Don Raffaello.

"Yes, many of them are," said the Pievano. "I don't mean the lives of the saints, of course."

"I thought you did," said Don Raffaello. "In them of course, much has entered in the way of poetical stories, of *racconti* built on tradition, and it would be an impossible task to sift out the absolutely true from the fanciful poetry, the fables and stories which Italians love. What can it matter?"

"Matter, *Padre mio,* why Truth is at stake."

"*Che, che,* people are not such fools. When you can do so by preaching, by personal instruction, turn their thoughts to higher things, only do so gently. *Chi va piano, va sano,* is a truth that especially applies in your dealings with the poor and ignorant. Build up, build up—don't be always thinking of demolishing, lest with the work of destruction you should destroy more than you intend and—"

"*Scusi lor Signori.*" It was Nazzareno who had come out of the kitchen. He was a small, stunted man, with high shoulders, very expressive eyes, and a mustache of the same brown color.

As Nazzareno's partial deformity had prevented his attaining to the wish of his heart, to study for the priesthood, he did what he next desired, and that was to serve a priest; this he had done now for many years faithfully and well. He was of Umbria; his old mother Loretta lived at the foot of the hill in the midst of a very poor quarter, just able by hard work to earn her living, washing and ironing and doing many a good turn for her poorer neighbors.

"Could the Signor Pievano speak to Mamma?" asked Nazzareno, and the young priest, making a hasty excuse to Don Raffaello, found Loretta in the kitchen and there listened to a long story about some *cattiva gente* who lived in the same house as she did. She was certain the woman had robbed her neighbor of some food and clothes; the man dying of consumption had refused to see a priest; "would the Pievano pray for him."

The Pievano assented, but knew he could not go to him unless the dying man or his people desired it, for in Italy it is often the case that the priest enters the house of his parishioners only to give the Easter blessing, or administer the last rites.

"I am going to pray to Our Lady," said Loretta.

"*Bene*—the church is open."

"Ah, no, Signor Priore, there is a miraculous picture at San Francisco's, I am going there—it is a long way—but *che vuole,* when she can work miracles, she may obtain a good death for Pio."

The Pievano remembered the picture, surrounded by votive offerings. Before it candles burned and people seemed so often to be praying there whenever he had entered the church. So he wished Loretta a *buona preghiera,* told her son to give her a *sciambella* [5] and some wine, and returned to his guest to recount what he had just heard, adding—

"That's a thing I have little patience with. What can it matter where one prays to Our Lady? There's Loretta this hot day, climbing that long hill, when she could have gone into the church here and prayed just as well."

"*Piano, piano!*" said Don Raffaello, "you are striking at the root of pilgrimages to shrines, to holy places, to—"

"No, no, I do not mean that at all. I was only thinking of miraculous pictures and images."

"Well?"

"They puzzle me. One wonders why," said the Pievano, "one picture should be miraculous and another not." He spoke excitedly.

"The answer is very simple, *figlio mio;* it is because it is the will of God."

"I should like to understand—"

Don Raffaello shook his head.

"Useless, useless. God requires our faith." And his hearer in the depths of his heart knew the simple "it is the will of God" was based on what was immutable and unassailable.

"I wish I could view all those things as you do," said the Pievano, speaking his thoughts aloud.

. . . . . .

To both men these were days of great happiness. Don

[5] Circular bread cake.

Raffaello had come from the city where he had worked and overworked, to rest himself thoroughly in the society of the Pievano, and to let the whole enchantment of the beautiful Umbrian country enthral him. He enjoyed every moment of it, feeling himself in deep sympathy with the loveliness around him, for it ever had an attraction for his beauty-loving nature. As he threw open his shutters one morning at sun-rise—the great heat having kept him long awake—he looked on the beautiful vale and recalled the words of the Hymn of Creation penned by Fra Leonardo at the dictation of the great Saint of Umbria. Yes, God was to be praised for all creation! How many times must the eyes of St. Francis have rested on this scene; how often must he have watched the birth of the day; what wonder that he, to whom all nature was a manifestation of the Creator, saw this vale touched by rays from the Sun of justice, should have burst forth into this—a song of praise!

As the sun lit up the valley, rising in glorious pomp and majesty, a great clanging came from various bells, ringing out for the first Mass of the Visitation. Last evening he had, in the sun-setting, seen bonfires appearing one by one on the hills in honor of the morrow's feast. Like St. Francis and many holy people, Don Raffaello "saw God everywhere," and more especially did this perception apply to everything connected with the Catholic Faith. The multitudinous practices of piety, the numberless forms in which devotion tries to express itself, the almost foolish and childish ways of the poor and ignorant, their clumsy, apparently aimless actions, were to him all touched with the grace with which things Catholic are more or less impregnated. The little child blowing a kiss to the Queen Mother, or the images or medals pressed to the lips of the *Gesù Bambino,* the value placed on flowers trampled under foot by those carrying the Most Holy, the dipping of work-worn fingers into the oil of some lamp before a shrine, the asperging with holy water, the wearing of blessed objects, all were to him precious in themselves as belonging to the commerce between earth and heaven, a link small as

it might be connecting the natural and the supernatural. It had never before entered into his head to analyze these matters, which he had taken as part and parcel of his religion; but now that Pievano called his attention to them his belief on the subject rose clearly defined before his mind. Of superstition as such he had a great horror, and the substitution of some easy practice of the work of battling with sin, the belief that a material object itself had power to save, to protect, or ensure salvation, were errors which he strove against in his personal and general dealings with souls. But he recognized sentiment as a great factor in the supernatural life, that it is a strand "in the cords of Adam" drawing men to devotion and to the faith in "Him that is invisible"; and he also believed that those to whom little intelligence had been given, who by circumstances were ignorant and superstitious, were safe to be judged mercifully by Him who permitted such things to be. To Don Raffaello solitude with its seeming monotony, the ever-returning sameness of Catholic rites—which wear upon some priests as well as religious—had never been anything but a source of joy. His life so deeply charged with mysticism was ever ready to respond to fast or feast, to find in the recurring seasons something fresh, some new aspect —or else to love the repetition because of the familiarity. In those esoteric regions wherein his life was essentially lived he found perfect and entire satisfaction, even in the sufferings inseparable from that state. Not at all a clever or intellectual man, having learnt much of the science of the saints, he could come down from the heights in which his soul habitually dwelt to the level of a very different character and life, such as that of the Pievano. The latter was excellent, matter of fact, zealous in his work as a priest, but at present much affected with the ideas of which he had spoken to his old friend. He loved excitement, had a fighting spirit, and was totally out of sympathy—from inherent narrowness of mind—with the poor, and often seemingly foolish practices which obtain in his and other countries.

In many conversations since the initial one on the subject,

Don Raffaello entered into his difficulty with comprehension and that breadth of understanding which great souls are able to experience, and the elder priest had his friend's difficulties in his mind as he said his Mass for the feast that morning, a somewhat large congregation assisting at it.

The Pievano had said his Mass at a side-altar, and was afterwards occupied in the sacristy, seeing people who came in and out to speak to him.

Loretta's brown, weather-beaten face was very grave.

"*Ah lor Signore,*" she remarked, after wishing Pievano *buon' festa!* "Pio is dead and buried. *Ah guai!* without the holy oils, without the *santo viatico—niente, niente.* He would not let me go for you; he left word he was to be buried any way, no church service. *Ah guai, la madonna* did not answer my prayer—*povera me.*"

"He is in the hands of the great God; we must leave him there," said the Pievano, turning to an old man who wanted a medal blessed, and a girl who said her sister wished her baby baptized that day; it had been born the day before and was delicate. Then came a miserable cripple asking for alms; a young fellow whose cow had died—and what could he do to get money to buy another; and Leo, a sickly-looking boy, to ask how his mother could be got into the hospital. And so in successive duties the day passed while Don Raffaello rested a great deal, slept not a little, said his Office, and thought of many things.

The last evening had come of Don Raffaello's visit: he was to leave by an early train the next morning, and he sat alone in the garden, for the Pievano had been called to administer the last rites to a parishioner who lived a great distance off—at the extreme end of his very scattered parish. A boy had come for him, looking frightened and white, not only caused by the heat of the day, but by his own terror, for the Italians have an ineradicable fear of death. Their alarm at its possible approach often defers the asking for Extreme Unction, until that Sacrament, ordained by the Church as a

means of "raising up" the sick, is used only as part of the last Sacraments. Don Raffaello was sorry not to have the Pievano with him on that last evening, but yet glad that the young priest should be employed on some priestly work. It was a pity he had so little of it, for really there was not much to do, a *niente* in comparison to the elder priest's labors in Florence, where he would gladly have had more time for those hours of contemplation he so intensely valued.

The day was ending and the sunset viewed from the little garden was very beautiful. And now the sky was purpling quickly, whilst the stars so brilliant, as they ever seem in the South, made night exquisite. The swallows had circled home to the eaves, the swifts, going to rest, broke the night's stillness with their creaking cry; luminous fire-flies were winging their way through the velvet softness of the air, and in the borders of the garden points of light showed glow-worms. In the sudden falling of the twilight into night bats flew across the garden, beyond the wall of which lay the little town, beyond which again was the vale of blessed memories. The sounds from below came up softened into a pleasant touch of human life. Then came the return of Pievano who ate his supper quickly and came out to Don Raffaello.

"Do you remember, *Padre mio,* my blessing a medal for an old man on the Festa of the Visitation?"

Don Raffaello shook his head.

"He was very old—I paid very little attention, I am afraid, to him. But he had come from where I have just been. His daughter, a widow, had returned to him after an absence of some years. She had not been to her duties for ten years—he told me to-day, poor old man, that he thought a medal might remind her of good things, for she would not listen to any of his pleading. It was all he could think of, and she was dying."

Beyond that the Pievano could say no more. The great seal of the confessional had fastened his lips, never to be opened excepting to God. He had listened to a tale of sin and misery, of a late, but genuine—so far as he could say—repentance; and with repentance, great grace had come.

"Is she dying?"

"No, *Padre mio,* she is dead, and she died a good death," said the Pievano simply. "She kissed the medal many times; it was one of Our Lady's."

"*Refugium peccatorum,*" said Don Raffaello.

"He comes all this distance to Mass," said the Pievano. "I suppose it is true—when away from church and the *Santissimo,* the homely things such as little *santinos* and pictures which they have in their home are some good. This man—his name is Paolo Trevcano, showed me his scapular of Our Lady, and a couple of medals. He can't read or write—he is very old, very ignorant, but he knew more than I could have expected."

"Perhaps Gesù taught him Himself," said Don Raffaello quietly. He knew intuitively that his Pippo had learnt a lesson that night.

"You did not wish to take away those things," he continued gently.

"No, I will in future endeavor to build; and to demolish only what is bad—with the help of God."

And he did so, finding that in the doing of it those things which he had despised came in as little stones of the temple of the eternal truth. They had their place.

L. E. Dobrée.

SISTERS AND TEACHERS.

THE educational movement always active in Catholic circles, is now most prominently noticeable. There is evidenced a widespread determination to have schools, and to have them of the best, from the highest to the lowest. Views may differ with regard to methods and means, because the objects intended are really different. The direct, as well as final, aim of Catholic education must be the saving of Faith's seed of Eternal Life, and its effective propagation; but there is also urgently advanced the furthering of the temporal interests of the Catholic body in this country. Some

may wish to confound the two aims, on the supposition that the Church progresses where her children are prosperous. Confusion, however, of the earthly with the heavenly can seldom be less than disastrous. The safe combining of genuine Christianity with temporal well-being promises to be a crucial test of the American apostolate.

Now, to speak of school education otherwise than enthusiastically is unfashionable, perhaps even clerically unpopular. And nevertheless, if truth's reserves and distinctions are not maintained, courses as devious as they are unpractical may be the consequence. Secular instruction can be one of the things after which "the heathens do seek." St. Augustine was a great educator, in days not very unlike our own. He saw his people struggling for a social recognition which, naturally, they needed after the harsh Julian repressions. Yet his analysis of their eager educational ambitions was so severe[1] that the marginal comment runs: "*Discere litteras spe commodi temporalis quam solemne et quam vanum.*" His school principle that our learning is to be how to live well that we may live forever, may be too robustly supernatural for general modern acceptance; still some echo of it can help to warn off the sandbanks. It might be shown that to canonize common schooling is not to enhance divine religion. But the thoughts suggesting this paper run less on the education to be given than on the means of giving it.

Parochial schools must, incontestably, be depended on to lay the foundations of Catholic education. In nine cases out of ten they may also be said to complete the structure; for, modest as its proportions may be, they afterwards rise higher for only a very small percentage of pupils. On parochial schools, then, must general interest centre; and so it does, as is manifest from the frequent proposals made to utilize and improve them. To throw light on some sweeping measures advocated, it is well to recall two facts: first, hardly one-third of our Catholic children are yet in parochial schools; and,

[1] De Disc. Chr., 12.

secondly, the majority of our existing schools have an average attendance of less than two hundred. What these conditions indicate is that the time of necessary struggle and sacrifice is not nearly passed. The places without Catholic schools are mostly those in which either rural or mixed-marriage ignorance renders faith precarious. Similarly, the schools of low attendance are often the ones most needed. Such places and such schools should not be put out of sight by the loftiest educational projects. Fine theories of pedagogy, coördination, hygiene, etc., can have an excellent meaning; but they would be sadly inept if they made it impossible to bring the scattered children of benighted districts under the influence of a Catholic teacher. Nor is the impecunious pastor—who has sometimes to make himself janitor, as well as sexton and sacristan —to be overlooked in school proposals. Without his crusade of endless collecting, there would usually be no school; to kill, by superintendent and convention impracticabilities, his interest in the one he may be keeping open, is not a wise proceeding.

The struggle and sacrifice character of the work yet to be done, leads to the main point in all this school question. It is fairly beyond controversy that parish schools are, and must long remain, Sisters' schools. The proportion is overwhelming; and as it depends on reasons more imperative than even those which have placed female teachers in so great a majority in the ward schools, it is not at all likely to diminish. So our primary teachers are and will be for the most part Sisters.

No wonder, therefore, that so much is spoken and written about them in connexion with Catholic education, about their life, their training, their vocation, their recruitment. To hear or read the delegates to our school conventions, one might suppose that the main business was a propaganda of the teaching Sisterhoods. The zeal is certainly creditable; that it can be said to be always according to knowledge, is not so sure. Though "recruit the Teaching Orders," "preach vocations to the Teaching Orders," may be well-meant slogans, yet "consecrate many virgins to Christ," "safeguard all divine vocations," would be cries of surer leading and devices more inspiriting.

School teaching can be so noble a profession that it is occasionally taken for things incomparably higher. To put it, in general, on the same plane as the Gospel's "go teach all nations" is hurtful exaggeration; worse still are such pretences as that going into a Normal school is like our Lord's going into the Desert!

When we are complacently informed that teaching is a vocation, we do well to recognize that such expressions cannot be both clear and sincere. Teaching a vocation? Yes, as similarly are cooking, and tailoring, and house-building. Whatever ministers to steady universal human wants, may perhaps be called a *calling;* and the race certainly continues to ask for food and clothing, with some shelter and some training. Indeed it pleases certain writers to say that every man has a vocation, and hence that all useful trades and professions can bear that name. As long as the meaning is manifest, there may be no great harm in the designation: though the word "vocation" is one to be highly respected. Outward circumstances and natural fitness will sometimes indicate the occupation which a man or woman is likely to pursue most successfully, perhaps even to pursue with comparatively little hindrance to religious duties. That, then, people will reasonably say, is his or her calling.

But teaching is extolled as something different, something immensely higher. High, of course, it ought to be, as it concerns the mind and heart; yet it seems less distinctively a calling than are many lower avocations. It can be bad as easily as good, often with more striking efficacy; and, plainly, there can be no *call* to do evil. When the best souls in the Church are urged to regard teaching as the one aim and end of their life, there may be need of recalling the fact that very ugly "heathens and publicans," as well as ordinary "heretics and infidels," have been and are quite expert and successful teachers. It is not school work in itself, therefore, that is of such surpassing excellence. No doubt our extollers of teaching mean good teaching, or rather the teaching of what is good, and so bring it near the art of arts, the *juvenum animos fingere* of St. John Chrysostom.

Now, taken at its best, is teaching a vocation? It is not a Religious Vocation—the vocation most properly so-named—and the one, in Catholic educational language, often as vaguely meant as it is inadequately expressed. To avoid obscuring vocation we have to take the words of Scripture, with the Church's corresponding theology. "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven: and come follow Me"—is the divine statement of the matter. The call is to perfection, individual personal perfection, through that close following of the Incarnate God which removal of all hindrance makes possible; and nothing less than treasure in Heaven can be the fully-earned recompense. A very practical Religious, St. Peter, summed up the call and its consequence when he said: "We have left all and have followed Thee; what shall we have?" And then there came the strong unfailing assurance of the hundred-fold, with life everlasting superadded.

No lower expression of the import of Religious Vocation is adequate, nor will the Church allow us to represent it differently. In doctrine and practice she maintains that the pursuit of perfection through the three vows, which are rendered more or less permanent by her acceptance, constitutes the essence of the religious state. Theology insists on the same truth, and, in analyzing its reasons, draws out conclusions that may surprise the cursory observer. Lehmkuhl, in his searching inquiry into the constituent elements of the religious life (I. 496), makes abundantly clear that the very choice of the Order, not to mention its works and external circumstances, is strictly accidental—the essential being always found in the authorized pursuit of evangelical perfection by the practice of the Lord's counsels. Saints and doctors have all along held and demonstrated the same conclusion. They never supposed that the Fathers of the Desert were called to basket-weaving, though many a hermit and many a monk spent long years at that humbly useful occupation. Neither did the Benedictine think his call was to be a copyist, nor the Trappist his to be a farmer. They all were and are delivered

up to the will of God, ready to do for Him any and every appointed work.

As the things advanced here are but commonplaces of Christianity, the presumption of offering a reader of the REVIEW any enlightenment on them is most simply disclaimed. What is aimed at is the signalizing of certain false views of vocation, views recently diffused in otherwise most commendable zeal and yet, of course, with no fruitful result. It should be a truism to say that false views are unserviceable. Little theology is required to show that a false view can never be supernaturalized, hence can never be Christianized, hence can never be fertilized. The Lord's reiteration that His *Holy* Spirit is the Spirit of *Truth,* forms a bridge of light from our dogma to our moral. And a false view is, because of its inutility, of its positive harmfulness, always, religiously, detestable—the more detestable the more sacred the subject into which it is intruded.

Now, it must be a false view of religious vocations that bases them first on our convenience and only after on God's loving choice. Does there not seem a huge impertinence in our saying that such or such persons ought to enter Religion because we want their work, ought, that is, to be consecrated body and soul to their Maker because we happen to need their school service? Yet this is what, in substance, must be meant when the bald cry is raised to recruit the teaching orders, to foster vocations to the teaching orders. If the true religious call is heard and followed, good work will be forthcoming. Who, indeed, ever knew thorough religious that did not accomplish more than could *naturally* be expected of them? Yet they are more than their work, in God's sight and in themselves.

"The Sisters have done good teaching; they are the only good primary teachers we can afford; so let us have more of them"—is the sensible drift of many views proposed. But there are made other suggestions which either mean nothing or mean: The Sisters have been such valuable teachers that we must make them all altogether teachers—a project exem-

plifying most closely old Æsop's ὄρνιθά τις εἶχεν ὠὰ χρυσᾶ τίκτουσαν. It is as Sisters that these devoted ladies have been doing the golden teaching: better, even for the teaching's sake, allow them to remain Sisters. What has been incisively styled "the tendency to make our Religious Teaching Institutes mere pedagogical factories" is not of good omen. It is a tendency to be resisted, firmly if genially. Off-hand proposals about rational recruitment, normal-school Novitiates, class-difficulty Retreats, academic Chapters, might to a Religious appear amusing—if only they were sure to prove innocuous.

But is there harm to fear from such kindly outside suggestion? On Sisters extraordinarily assembled for school parliamentary debate, under the peculiar excitement of a sojourn in the world, the momentary influence is doubtful. The touch of unskilled hands may leave vibrations strange enough to jar the home harmonies. Experience hints that a Religious who would be but a teacher can cause as much convent as parish discordance. On Sisters well established in their congregation, filled with affection for community life, and shielded by their strong religio-ecclesiastical government, the effect may be inconsiderable. They are not easily moved, even by plausible pretexts. They have frequently before their eyes the warning of the holy doctor to whom most of them attribute their rule, not to regard things as useful just because they are pleasurable (Epis. 211, 13).

An intrusion of school affairs into canonical Novitiates would be a surprise, considering recent Roman legislation. The new *Normae* stringently prescribe that at least one unbroken year be dedicated exclusively to *formationi spiritus, studio Constitutionum, orationi, institutioni circa vota et virtutes,* and not given at all to *studiis litterarum aut artium, nec exterioribus operibus Instituti* (Art. 73). So Religion's novices can be safeguarded by the enforcement of canonical regulations.

Greater danger may threaten those who are but postulants or still far-off aspirants. The first tender buds of vocation, even its seedlings hidden in the soil of the Church, risk blight-

ing and decay. It seems strangely forgotten, in the secular demand for the recruitment of certain Orders, that aspirants neither can nor should determine what their future work will be. If most of the professed members of a given Order are engaged in the same work, the candidates naturally look forward to a share in that occupation. However, they may not get it. One entirely exclusive work is characteristic of but few Orders, nor are they commonly of wide extension or long duration. In any case, nothing like contract labor is recognized at the admission. The postulants offer themselves to be used for the service of God, as the superiors, subject to the Church, may judge most fitting. Those who have had to do with houses of religious probation and formation will recall no candidates more decisively and categorically rejected than the mistaken ones who wished to dictate conditions about their later employment. Superiors and novice-masters or mistresses should be in peculiarly crippled circumstances to consent to tie up the hands of reserveless Religion. Considerateness is a great virtue of theirs, but bargaining is entirely out of their line. Even the common faithful are aware that in this vocation there is question of simple giving. "We are glad," they say—when their disposition is good enough—"that she gave herself to God;" or, "let us give him to God." In the hearts of parents there may be the clinging that made Samuel's mother say she was but *lending* her boy to the Lord; yet, with her, they too will say that it is to the Lord they are lending theirs, and that they are lending them for all the days of their life. So the *lending* is *giving* after all.

This rule inspires and secures real religious vocations. That they are rare and growing rarer, is a loudly expressed opinion. Some try to show that their rarity is only relative, being now more felt because of the great increase of calls for religious teachers. Others maintain that they are rare comparatively, that is that they are fewer at present in many districts than they were in earlier years. That they are few absolutely, proportioned on the number of Catholics in the country, seems generally admitted; though it has been asserted

that they are there, that they must be there—considering that we want them—if only they were cultivated.

For their absence or non-cultivation various reasons have recently been assigned, various responsibilities have been arraigned. Though not often mentioned, ill-tutored lowering or falsifying of the idea of the Religious state is probably the most noxious impediment to vocations. Being worldly it kills them radically, for they are unworldly. No matter how good, superficially, be the appeal to young people to make themselves Religious, the least note of falsity in the reasons given cuts off the divine whisper which may have been beginning to be heard. Earth's raucousness cannot mingle with Heaven's music. It is not that the attractions to religious life may not be manifold and diverse: they really are most various. A chant, a bell, a distant tower; a chaste garb, a countenance of content, a tone of detachment, a close acquaintance with the distressed, with their worst needs and their best relievers—all these and many more sources of impression may outwardly dispose to listen, but the call is interior. As in other divine drawings, the "cords of Adam" are of many kinds, while the power that draws is one: God must be the motive as He is the reward. The "come follow Me" and the "treasure in Heaven" are the finally efficient reasons; and, sooth to say, no other reasons would be sufficient for such a sacrifice.

It sounds fine to proclaim to fervent young maidens that they should haste to the training novitiates of the teaching Orders, because our supply of teachers is running short; that they should quit the world for the cloister, lest our parochial school classes should be too large or should not be at all. That such an appeal will be supernaturally effective is certainly unlikely.

The people of the country have lately been amused at some high lecturing dispensed in southern schools. Whether they were to be edified they hardly knew. Single blessedness was extolled before the girls of the normal colleges by no less a personage than our new President. Apparently it was taken

for granted that young ladies who meant to be teachers meant not to marry, and so the compensations of celibacy were proposed for their timely consideration. The result is problematical, for the matter was serious and the treatment seemed jocose.

No less jocose—except that the solemnity lends it grimness—will some think the large educational invitation to Catholic girls to become Religious for the ampler maintenance of our teaching staffs. They will become Religious, as they always did, for two reasons—the two on which a harvester of vocations like St. Alphonsus Liguori would lay supreme stress: because Christ, the Magnet of Souls, claims them as Spouses; and because "many women are lost in the world, few in Religious life." And when they are Religious, they will spend themselves and be spent for any work as dear to their Lord as is the training of His little ones. But for the life's decision and the great irrevocable step they need their personal, fundamentally divine, motives. Ambition to be teachers will not suffice, nor will the prospect of being credited with a "career nobly devoted to the furtherance of education."

Not much better founded or more promising is the proposal to raise vocations for what is now called *social service.* That even one soul entirely given to God is a blessed treasure in any society, may go without saying; but that the secret blushing recognition of the Divine Lover's call includes a consciousness of social aims, is not Religion's experience. Neither does the Church hint, in her clothings and professions, at any such characteristic service. There all is death to the world, in order to the life in Christ. Nevertheless, a reverend doctor, who sympathizes with the Sisterhoods, even whose hobby is "the glory of the vocation to the religious life", was lately put forth to perorate as follows: "Nowhere does the Church's genius for organization show to better advantage than in her dealings with women. She first separates those who by nature and inclination are peculiarly adapted to social service from those who are constitutionally and temperamentally fitted to become wives and mothers; and then from among those who

are eager to devote themselves to the public service, she selects one band who devote themselves exclusively to the care of neglected old age, and another to the care of helpless infancy; one band to the care of the sick and the wounded in body, and another to the rescue and preservation of those who are weak morally. . . . In the life and organization of the Church the principle of selection, call it divine selection or vocation, if you will, finds fullest and freest play." That the passage is deliberate and meant to be comprehensive is shown by the context. For, a university lady retorting: "Do you mean to tell us that the young man who believes himself called to the priesthood or the young woman who talks about her vocation to the sisterhood is merely responding to the social claim?" the zealous doctor rejoins: "Why, yes; that is precisely what I mean." [2]

Now, if this fanciful piece of semi-Darwinian ecclesiasticism were at all a statement of the Sisterhood case, a great many true vocations might not be found fit enough to survive. The millions of Christian virgins who just murmured in their heart of hearts—May be He would take poor me! and who thought but of dedication to Him, as well as the countless nuns who consumed their life in Adoration and Office, and in fact not a few of the great female Saints, like the Scholasticas and Clares and Catharines and Teresas, should, on sociological principles, have been relegated to the wife-and-mother department.

There is a vagueness about the social-service idea—with some haze of slum or settlement work which may be subtle worldliness—that renders it entirely unlike the inspiration of Catholic charity. Love of the poor of Christ for Christ's sake is definite and urgent; and yet He is to be served before even them, up to the very breaking of the costly vase and the spilling of the precious ointment. Nor need any one fear that lovers of the Divine Head will readily forget the needy members, least of all His chosen spouses who pulse with the pulses

[2] *Education of Our Girls*, p. 183.

of His most generously compassionate Heart. But social aims may be emptily professed without the remotest reference to Him. Of this we had a peculiar example last summer.

The Allegheny County Teachers' Institute convened in great numbers at Pittsburg and drew up elaborate resolutions. These touch on all that the members recognize as "educational tendencies and practices." A set omission is of horrid prognostic. Of course we could expect no reference to our Lord and His Church; but there is not the slightest hint at the existence of God or of a soul; nor is there any mention of religion, conscience, morality, virtue, vice, or humanity. What the Teachers' Institute puts forward as its purpose, indeed "the purpose of an education," is "to so develop the child that he may best live a life of service and appreciation." That some of the framers of these resolutions meant something by a "life of service and appreciation" is to be courteously supposed; but that the phrase enlightened the public or helped to recruit the schoolmaster fraternity is hardly credible. Anyhow, to put things proportionally, it might be fairly said that, as is this "service and appreciation" purpose to the teacher's profession, so is the "social service" aim to the Religious Vocation. Something may be squeezed out of both relations, but neither of them seems to the point or gives promise of being effective.

Perhaps it has to be admitted and remembered that many of the new half-and-half representations of our ends and means, not alone in education but also in religion, are not intended for Catholic consumption. Like homeopathic drugs, they are moderately poisoned with the disease they aim at remedying, and have been here and there advertised as a sovereign emollient for Protestant prejudice. There is danger in their being indiscreetly absorbed by the children of the household. From certain precincts they should be rigorously excluded, one of these being the enclosed garden of Religious Vocations. For it is evident that what is so absolutely unworldly cannot be expressed by the world's tongue nor reflected by the world's mind. The virgin daughters of the

virgin Church will go on desiring divine espousals, exulting with Agnes in Christ's inestimable margarites and diadems, or with Catharine with the marriage ring slipped on her finger by the bridegroom's own Mother, and with Lucy, and Agatha, and all the brave spotless ones in Him whom they each saw and loved and believed and chose: *Quem vidi, quem amavi, in quem credidi, quem dilexi.* The aspiration to be Brides of the Lamb is perennial: it needs but the removal of obstacles to take its course and fulfil itself most fruitfully.

Vocation being delicate as well as sacred, any flippancy in reference to it is likely to be injurious, while pretended carnal sense in its treatment is altogether deadly. Of this an example may be signalized—not for its own importance, but for its casual indication of tendencies. A periodical, much recommended for Catholic family reading, has in a late issue a short story concerning a young lady, a "sweet, unselfish little soul" who "arranges the flowers in the church every Saturday, and then goes to confession." It is stated that she turns back to her early childhood for "sufficient matter" so that her Father confessor may not be embarrassed about giving her absolution; and then it is smoothly added: "She once confided to him her desire to be a nun; but he wisely bade her pray that she might learn God's holy will. Her petition—she is as obedient and trustful as of yore—has been answered. She is now engaged to a chum of [her brother's] and a class-fellow of his own. Every day, he asks in his 'Memento' at Mass that her future husband may be very, very good to her."[3] The story tells not why the incipient vocation of this child of God should not be a true one; nor why, by obedience and trust and prayer, she should lose it. The conclusion just suggests how much nicer and *wiser* it was to become engaged; and how much more satisfactory for the priest of God, instead of taking his penitent from society and sending her to a novitiate, to be able to make a memento in his daily Sacrifice for the great, great happiness of her life with a husband. There

[3] *Benz. Magaz.*, Nov. 1908.

can be little doubt that greasy worldliness of this kind is capable of clogging and smothering very real vocations. The writer of the story takes a tone of cleverness and uses theological terms freely; but he—or she?—shows no trace of having ever read that there is mortal sin, with varied intensities of gravity, in the wanton act of turning any Christian soul away from the religious state.

When it is affirmed that the religious vocation is delicate, it should not be understood that there is about it anything effeminate. Taken all in all it implies more sustained heroism than does any other course in human life, and that because of its radical rejection of the three great human concupiscences. Even in frail individual cases, when not hoodwinked or baited, it is commonly most brave, often radically invincible. The way in which a timid girl can bear up against frowns and threats and blows, once she has been caught by the charm of the divine invitation, is a reminder of the early maiden victories over all pagan persecution. Indeed virginity, in the mind of the Church, seems quite closely allied to martyrdom, so much so that the liturgical Office of a Virgin has to be abruptly turned off from celebrating her also as a martyr. There would, then, appear but little danger of true vocations being lost through fear of the poverty and hardships really incidental to convent life. Nor is any such grievance raised here—though the aridity consequent on some of the officious intrusions referred to might render the life unbearable. That Sisters' houses are incommodious—should it so happen, that their work is fatiguing, may give pause for thought, but will seldom prove a deterrent. The image of Him, who, though Lord of all, had not where to lay His head, and who, though the self-sufficing Almighty, was tired and thirsty, will throw difficulties and privations far in the background. Call profession a crucifixion, as you justly may, and the Catholic girl who has ears to hear the voice of the Bridegroom will still ambition her sacrifice. She may naturally incline to easy ways, yet she has acquired the persuasion that her way is the way of the Cross. If it be said that she, like others, is pur-

suing her pleasure in obeying the call, it is right to remark that the pleasure is of very specific flavor. The *dulce lignum, dulces clavos,* expresses a truth, but—with a difference.

Hence it is neither necessary nor very expedient to make convent life undertake to be comfortable. The peace of soul promised to all voluntary Cross-bearers is there most fully assured, and also the freedom which is always arising from the truth put in practice. But comfort and consolation are securely found mainly in the joy of sacrifice. Well is it for the good works in which Religious exercise themselves that it should be so, for they are usually works of sacrifice; most particularly does our Catholic educational work retain that character. Happily the apprehension of discouraging or diminishing vocations by proclaiming that they lead to the Cross, may be here disregarded. For, if the prospect of meritorious suffering has ever been one of the strongest Christian attractions, why should it daunt American vocations? They must be supposed as brave as any others. When heralds of the Crucified Son of the Virgin, like Ambrose and Patrick and Bernard, go boldly forth to preach the perfect worship of Him by consecrated virginity, families may again have to lock in some of their members lest all run away to be girdled and veiled.

G. LEE, C.S.P.

Pittsburg, Pa.

THE BLINDNESS OF THE REVEREND DR. GRAY:*

OR

THE FINAL LAW.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE "GHOST" IN HAMLET.

THE Easter week of that year was a happy week for at least three of our actors in this little drama. Annie had come up to Athboy, to spend the Easter holidays with her friend, Mary Liston. They were recent acquaintances; but a few interchanges of opinion on dress and such like subjects had ripened, as if with a torrid sun, the acquaintance into a fast friendship. After a few days, they could open out the recesses of their most hidden thoughts to each other, and revel in that spontaneous confidence that belongs only to the young.

They had visited Rohira again by special request of Dr. Wycherly; they had seen the gardens. They had been overwhelmed at first by the sight of nearly two acres of garden, literally covered with spring flowers, although large quantities had been shipped away to the London markets by steamers that called and hung out in the offing, and sent their boats ashore, or availed of the services of Pete, the Gipsy, who was quite indifferent whether he carried lobsters or orchids, so long as he was well paid.

Then, after such a surfeit of beauty and perfume, these young souls fell back on the narrower pleasure of the simple bouquets that Dr. Wycherly forced upon them. For to some souls a single rose speaks more eloquently than a tangled forest of rose-trees; just as we watch a single planet in the heavens, and are blind to the infinite suns.

Edward Wycherly, the returned one, and the unwelcome, was particularly assiduous in his attention to the two young ladies; and, whilst Henry was being entertained by the Doctor with all

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manner of strange information about Hindus and their arts, and modern diseases and modern science, his son was wrapping the senses and imagination of the two young girls in an aromatic cloud of incense from garden and hothouse, and a poetical cloud of Oriental poetry and legend, which he had gathered in his travels.

Yet, the verdict passed upon him there during the Easter holidays by these two guileless girls was not altogether favorable. Mary Liston declared him handsome; but the beauty, she thought, was of a sinister kind. Annie was silent. When she spoke, she declared her intention, with all her usual positiveness, not to meet him again, if it were at all possible. And so he was dismissed.

During these beautiful, sunny days, and in the long evenings, it was quite inevitable that those three young people gathered around the fireplace should discuss many things of interest to themselves and others. Henry Liston hardly knew which of the three pleasures he preferred—reading in a listless way there by the fireside, whilst his sister and her young friend were at the piano; or, listening in a dreamy way to some old Irish melody, quaint and weird and lonely as the winds that were sighing around the house, or some modern study, fantasie, or nocturne from some foreign master; or debating with those keen young intellects the eternal question, What is to be done for Ireland? For there is the question that is ever uppermost in the minds and hearts of the young. The old have despaired of the solution and are now spectators. But the young are forever dreaming, and the things that people their dreams seem to be ever flying, like flocks of birds, down the long vistas of hope.

On one point there seemed to be absolute and perfect agreement—the necessity of infusing some brightness into the homes of the people, of turning a little sunshine and music into the dreary and silent monotony of their lives.

And so the Easter holidays melted into May; and the May blossoms fell, and the burning suns of June and July turned everything into gray gold. And August and September came on with their russet mantles and the rich fruitage of the year. And the days closed in, as the leaves fell in mellow October. But the idea was always haunting the mind of Henry Liston that he was bound to brighten the sombre lives that fretted away

into the grave in a still and gray monotony of labor and anxiety; and he determined that during the winter he would not only establish the Gaelic League in his parish, in spite of the melancholy forebodings of his pastor; but he would further enliven things in general with a series of concerts, plays, etc., that would be instructive and amusing to his people.

During these months, however, a few things, of some moment to our chief actors, did occur. Edward Wycherly, the defeated one, did persuade his father to remove the boys from the dangerous atmosphere of the priest's house; and, spun and plucked at his own examination, he nevertheless succeeded in getting his brother through his matriculation in the autumn. Jack kicked against the arrangement at first; but was obliged to yield on the compromise that Miss Annie O'Farrell was to be asked occasionally to visit Rohira. In this he was ably and enthusiastically seconded by Dion. The heir-apparent of Rohira seemed to object; but, somehow, he managed to be always present when Annie O'Farrell called.

The emergency-men were withdrawn from Kerins's farm; and Kerins entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with Pete the Gipsy.

Judith seemed to be gaining greater power over the minds of the people; for now, eggs were found in greater abundance in the furrows of the gardens,—eggs that would not break, if cast into the flames, but glowed like heated iron; and on the door-posts of dairies a strange kind of grease, like that which is used in railway-wagons, was often found smeared, and frequently a mysterious and unwholesome meat was discovered in the field. All these were ancient charms and spells, under the name *pishogues* well-known to the people. But now they seemed to be everywhere; and, as a result the milk would not yield an ounce of cream; the calves perished in the fields, or were born dead; and the people whispered amongst themselves in low accents of fear and apprehension. Some, the more religious and godly, feared the anger of God had descended on the parish for their insubordination toward their pastor. Some thought it was the diabolic influence of Judith that was working ruin. But no one, not even the bravest, would approach that grey old keep down there by the sea-breakers. Its inhabitants were as safe from observation, as if they lived far out from the mainland. Only one

seemed to watch, and ponder, infidel as he was, on these nocturnal apparitions of the Castle Spectre; and he soon made up his mind as to what they portended. Jack and Dion Wycherly were incredulous, but inquisitive; but Edward Wycherly took a closer interest in the denizens of the Castle; and his increasing interest was viewed by them with apprehension and hate.

At Athboy, Mary Liston came and went on her angel visits from her home in the town, brightening her brother's solitary life with her sweet presence, for brother and sister loved each other dearly. And hence, when one evening, after a protracted absence, Mary Liston came up from town, and asked her brother to walk with her over the cliffs, Henry felt that there was something coming. And there was. For when his sister had explained that she had made all arrangements in the early summer to enter at the beginning of the approaching autumn the convent where she had studied, Henry felt that half his life was cut away, although he dared not oppose his sister's resolution. He came home, and took his tea in silence. That was all.

Down at Doonvarragh, the old pastor, whilst giving full time to his parochial duties, seemed more absorbed then ever in his theological studies. He had become somewhat sceptical about human things; and was looking steadily toward the divine. He had mounted the declivities of life; and, looking back, had seen its utter barrenness and waste. His eyes were turned toward the west, where the sun of his life was sinking under shining seas. It was no little relief to him when those evening tuitions were at an end. He knew he had made a mistake, but he could not correct it. Circumstances and the slow progress of events settled the problem for him; and now he could revel in his studies without the uneasy consciousness that under his roof was a practical problem that perplexed him. But, day by day and every day his sight seemed to grow dimmer and dimmer. Again and again his oculist changed his glasses. This gave relief; but again they began to fail him, and he had to procure yet stronger lenses. One day he asked the man, was this cataract? The answer was, I wish it were! which implied that it was something worse, and probably incurable. Hence he began to lean more and more on the help of his young niece, who had now grown into his heart. The feeling of irksomeness, which her presence had brought into his solitary life in the beginning, had now

given way to a feeling of dependence upon her, so that he almost resented her absence during the visits she paid to her young friends at Athboy. As for Annie herself, there was creeping into her life an undefined sense of loneliness; and, except on the few occasions when she visited the Listons, her young years were sinking into a drear monotony; and she was beginning to be a young dreamer, which means discontent and unhappiness at one's own surroundings. And a few times she found the tears gathering in her eyes, and she had to wipe them gently away!

As the days narrowed, and the nights lengthened in October, Henry Liston decided that the time had come to commence his cherished project of throwing a little light and music into the hearts of his people. He wrote to a valued confrère in the neighboring town and asked advice and assistance, both of which were promptly given. This experienced purveyor of instruction and amusement recommended that the academical session at Athboy or Lackagh should commence with something "stunning", in order to stimulate the flagging energies of the people. Hence he pooh-poohed a mere concert, and rather humbled Henry Liston by throwing scorn on a gramophone entertainment which Henry had humbly suggested. Instead of such juvenile things, "fit only for school children," he said, he proposed to send up his own Dramatic Corps of the Young Men's Society, all picked men, and capable of every kind of histrionic engagement. These young Keans and Kembles had advanced, by leaps and bounds, from "Pizarro; or the Conquest of Peru" to the "Lady of Lyons;" and, lately, spurning everything dramatic that did not come from the highest genius, they had given with marvelous success, and for three nights running, "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," of which, he hinted, Henry had perhaps heard. He could send the whole troupe, except the "Ghost". This being a minor part, it could be supplied by a local artist. The properties, dresses, scenery, he recommended, should be procured from the Theatre Royal; but he would manage all that. The expenses would be trifling. A few little items for car-hire, refreshments, etc. The balance of profits could be expended in local charities. He was disinterested and sublime.

It seemed to the inexperienced mind of Henry Liston a pretty program. It would be a magnificent launch for his new ideas on the seas of experience. He was quite sure of a good

house. The thing was a novelty. The people were willing to be amused; and they thought nothing of the shillings they had to pay. A few wary spirits, on reading over the spirited program, fumbled in their pockets, and expressed a doubt whether "it would be vallue for their money." But the young people, who happily had not yet begun to calculate the money value of everything, overruled these sceptics; and long before the eventful evening arrived, every seat, amongst the reserved benches, was engaged.

Henry Liston had a small dinner party, consisting of his sister and Annie O'Farrell, and the good confrère who had suggested this happy idea; and they drove together to the Lackagh school, where the entertainment was to be held. The school-room was very large and spacious, having been built for the accomodation of two hundred children on the separate system. The two schools were now thrown into one, and there was a class-room at the end which served admirably as a dressing-room for the performers.

There was not even standing-room in the hall when the priests arrived; but their places and the seats for the ladies who accompanied them were kept carefully with that mute sense of reverence which is universally shown to the priesthood in Ireland. Right in front of where they sat, Henry Liston recognized the local Protestant rector, who was also Archdeacon of the Diocese, and with him were his wife and sister.

The stage was prettily arranged, and a magnificent drop-scene, representing the River Lee and Blackrock Castle by moonlight, was just sufficiently raised to afford a peep at the splendor of back scenes and side-wings. There was a murmur of eager applause when the actors in the first scene appeared; but this was rapidly changed into fright when the "Ghost" came forth with dreadful solemnity from the side-wings, and Horatio challenged it. "It" was impersonated by a local artist, named Tim Finucane or Finigan, who, in the ordinary stage of life, helped his neighbors by putting slates on the roofs of outhouses and barns, when the fierce storms that beat along this unprotected coast had laid angry hands on them. He was rather small of stature, and it happened that his ghostly raiment was unusually long; so that he was obliged to raise it in front, as a lady raises her dress when crossing a muddy street. His face was covered with chalk, and

his hair was powdered with flour. Altogether, he was a ghastly sight, and there was a panic amongst the children at his first appearance. In the first scene he had nothing to say, as the "Ghost" was to refuse the invitation of Horatio, probably because that young man called "it" angry names, such as "illusion," etc.; and hinted rather broadly that the ghost was a thief. But Tim made up for the enforced silence, by rolling his eyes dreadfully, taking in the full orbit of the audience; and then he retired, gracefully holding up his garment in front. It was only then it began to dawn on the people, and particularly on the "gods" at the rear of the hall, that the "Ghost" was verily and indeed no other than their own Timothy Finigan. Hence there was terrible disappointment and much remorse, for they thought Tim would not appear again.

This, however, passed away for the moment when "the melancholy Dane", clad in a velvet doublet slashed with silver, and in gorgeous nether habiliments, stepped forward and commenced his dialogue with the King. It was then that Henry Liston recognized in the graceful and handsome figure his friend Delane. With a gasp of surprise, he turned to his brother-cleric and said:

"Why that's Delane that's doing 'Hamlet'!"

"Of course!" said his friend calmly. "Do you know him? A born artist! Irving couldn't hold a candle to him, if he got a fair chance. But those London fellows found out that he was Irish; and, that was enough! He was hunted from the stage."

"But," said Henry Liston—here he was compelled to stop in the midst of his hostile criticism, through sheer admiration of the magnificent contempt and hidden hatred which Delane poured into his words to the King and Queen. Of course there was some Celtic exaggeration, but the fellow, in some mysterious manner, seemed to have caught the spirit of the immortal author; and Henry, carried away by his enthusiasm, could not help saying:

"There's no good talking. If we had just a trace of education, we'd sweep the whole world before us."

A sentiment with which most observers will cordially agree.

"But," continued Henry, "doesn't our friend find it necessary to float his powerful mind in something besides tea?"

"Of course!" replied his clerical brother. "That is part of the program. Every genius drinks, or goes mad."

"The fellow told me, when he was working at my house, that he was crossed in love," said Henry.

"He tells the same story every night in some public house in M——," was the reply. "Sometimes 'tis a duchess; sometimes an actress; and so on. He told them all about you. But he said you lacked imagination; that you had never heard of the 'Ancient Mariner'."

"The ruffian!" said Henry Liston. "But here comes the 'Ghost' again!"

This time the "Ghost" appeared more lugubrious than before, possibly because now he had to make certain revelations to Hamlet, the burden of which, even with the aid of a prompter, was too much for Tim Finigan's brain. He seemed paralysed at first, rolling his eyes over his audience, and letting them rest with apprehension on the "gods" at the end of the hall. It was irresistible—the temptation that now seized them. Tim's ghostly aspect suggested the immortal song: *Tim Finigan's Wake*; and no sooner was it suggested than a young fellow commenced to Tim's apparent horror:

> One morning Tim felt rather dull,
> His head it ached, which made him shake,
> He fell from the ladder, and broke his skull;
> They carried him home his corpse to wake:
> They rouled him up in a nate, clane sheet,
> And laid him out upon the bed;
> With six mould candles at his feet;
> And a bottle of whiskey at his head.
>
> Whack-fal-la; your sowl to glory!
> Welt the flure! your trotters shake!
> Wasn't it all the truth I told ye—
> Lots of fun at Finigan's wake!

All this time the "Ghost" stood paralysed with anger—hatred and more than histrionic rage passing over his whitened face. A few times he stretched forth his hand threateningly toward the "boys", which action, of course, increased the merriment; and when the first was ended, Tim's deep voice was heard echoing down the hall:

"Ye bla—gards!"

There was a roar of laughter, which made Tim repeat, despite the dignified remonstrances of Hamlet, who stood by in an attitude of offended dignity:

"Ye Lackagh bla—gards! Wait till I'm don wid de pla—ay!"

He then turned around, and attempted to address the dignified Hamlet, who was gracefully pulling his moustache; but the moment Tim opened his mouth, the boys struck up again:

Micky Mulvany raised his head,
Whin a bottle of whiskey flew at him,
It missed him, and striking agin the bed,
The sperrits spattered over Tim.
Bedad, he revived, see how he rises,
Timothy jumping from the bed,
Swears while he wallops them all, like blazes,
T'ainim an Dhiaoul! Do ye think I'm dead?
Whack-fal-la-fal-la-fal-lady
Welt the floor! Your trotters shake!
Wasn't it all the truth I told ye
Lots of fun at Finigan's wake!

Here the angry "Ghost", threatening fire and brimstone, was pulled in; and the young priest, who had sent his troupe up from M——, rose solemnly; and, in a few, politely sarcastic words about the intellectual backwardness of the people of that parish, their utter want of appreciation of a great drama, and the intense vulgarity of that rowdy song, he had them all soon reduced into humiliated silence. He then sorrowfully and with tears in his voice, expressed his regret that in an assembly of Irishmen such a rowdy song reflecting upon the Irish character should be tolerated for a moment. Englishmen might laugh at such revolting caricatures of the Irish character, but surely in the new awakening of the nation, when Irishmen were beginning to exercise, as well as to feel, that self-respect which belongs to every free people, and the absence of which only characterizes enslaved nationalities, surely such songs of the nation's slavery as that which they had just listened to, should not for a moment be tolerated by a people awakening to a sense of their dignity and importance. He had only yielded to the importunities of his friend, Father Liston, in order that new light might be thrown into the lives of the people. If he had for a moment anticipated this gross and unseemly interruption to the progress of the play, he would not have dreamed of bringing his dramatic troupe into their village. In conclusion, he begged of them

not to interrupt further by such unseemly demonstrations. Otherwise, he should be reluctantly obliged to suspend the performance; and this would not only be a personal loss to themselves, but would reflect unending discredit on the people of that parish.

This discourse was received in respectful silence; the only comment was made at its termination:

"Begor, we couldn't help it, yer reverence. The timptation was too great!"

Meanwhile, Henry Liston was occupied by another reflection, which not only made him quite insensible to the honor, or dishonor, of his parish; but completely spoiled all his interest in the play to the end. He had noticed, that, on the last appearance of the "Ghost," the archdeacon, who sat right in front, leaned over to his wife, and, pointing to the "Ghost," seemed to make some excited comments on his appearance. And a dreadful thought then and there took hold of Henry Liston's imagination. It so preoccupied him that he did not exchange a word, except a brief "Yes" and "No" with his confrère, who had an uneasy consciousness that perhaps he had gone too far in his remarks, and that his good friend, Henry Liston, was offended for his severe strictures on the conduct of the people.

The play seemed to drag on interminably; but all things have an end; and the moment the people began to rise up and file out of the hall, Henry Liston whispered to his sister, "Wait for me outside!" and he leaped up the rude steps that led to the stage, and thence to the dressing-room. The lamp that flared on the wall revealed the performers, more or less in deshabille, as they put off the dramatic costumes, and assumed the garments of ordinary civilization. Hamlet, however, was still in his slashed velvet doublet and silk stockings, and was leaning in a dignified and melancholy manner against the side scenes. The "Ghost" was seated on a trunk which had contained some of the stage "properties;" and his head was bent down between his legs in an attitude of mournful and despairing resignation.

"I say," said Henry Liston, in an excited manner, "did all these costumes come from the Theatre?"

"Yes, sir!" said Hamlet. "They belong to the lessees of the Temple of Thespis in Cork."

"They — do — not!" said the "Ghost" in an emphatic, but mournful manner.

"So I thought!" said Henry. "In the name of God, Finigan, what possessed you to take this thing?"

He pointed to the white linen garment, with the very voluminous sleeves, which the "Ghost" was wearing.

"Why the mischief," he continued in an angry and excited manner, "didn't you come to me. I'd have lent you a surplice."

"Yarra, what good 'ud be your surplus?" said the Ghost. "Shure, you're surplus wouldn't rache to a man's hips. And, besides, wor we goin' to commit a sacrilege by wearin' a priesht's vestments?"

"All I know is," said the young priest, "you have committed one in the eyes of the law now, if you cannot get back that —article, before the thing is discovered!"

"Yarra, make your mind aisy, yer reverence," said Tim. "You're too narvous intirely. Them that took tha ould minister's shirt can put it back again."

"I hope they will, and quickly," said Henry Liston. "You wouldn't be so easy in your mind, if you saw the way he was watching you during the play!"

"He may go to the divil," quoth Tim. And Henry Liston left him in peace.

He hastened out to find his sister alone, standing near the side-car, awaiting him.

"Where's Annie?" he said.

"Gone home," was the reply.

"Gone home? I understood she was coming back with us?"

"She changed her mind. I heard Mr. Wycherly say that it would be a pleasure if she allowed him drive her to her uncle's gate. And she consented. The Wycherlys are gone a quarter of an hour."

So they were. They drove along the moon-lit road, passing groups of passengers here and there, who gave way as the car passed; and then closed in, making uncomplimentary remarks on car and passengers. The two young boys, Jack and Dion, were on one wing of the car, Annie and Ned Wycherly on the other. The drive was short, barely two miles. But when she alighted, she passed into her uncle's house without a word of thanks or farewell; and that night a weary head pressed her pillow, and bitter tears bedewed it. So powerful is the utterance of a word in the ears of the innocent. It was only one word

from the play they had just witnessed; but it revealed the beast that is in man.

But he was unconcerned. For just as they left the priest's gate, a pyramid of flame shot up into the sky from the summit of the hill, on which their father's house was built.

"Duggan's rick is on fire!" said Jack.

"No! 'tis Kerins's house and out-offices," said his brother.

"It may be our own!" said Edward, as he pushed the horse forward along the road, and breasted the hill toward the sea.

A month or so later, Henry Liston, who had quite forgotten all about the play, other more serious things engrossing him, strolled in on business to the local shoemaker, named Cox, who also filled the office of sexton and bell-ringer to the Protestant church.

After the interchange of a few words, and the transaction of a little business, Cox, looking up from his work, said slyly:

"That was a grand play ye had up at the school a few weeks ago, sir!"

"It was!" said Henry, carelessly.

"It must have cost a power and all of money to bring down all them grand clothes and wigs and swords from Cork," said Cox, hammering away at the boot in his lap.

"So it did," said Henry. "There was little left for charity, I promise you!"

Cox hammered away furiously for a few seconds. Then suddenly stopping, he looked up, and said:

"A quare thing happened the next morning, your reverence; but I haven't tould a mother's sowl about it."

He stopped for dramatic effect, and then continued:

"Whin I opened the vesthry window that morning, the fust thing I see was the diamond panes of glass broken; and a jackdaw lying dead on the floor."

A light was breaking in on Henry's mind, but he said nothing.

"Now, in all honesty, yer reverence," asked the cobbler, "do you believe that a jackdaw could, or would, dash himself against a leaded window, and break through it, killing himself?"

"Well, I suppose, that would depend on the force with which he flew," said Henry.

The cobbler beat round the soles of the boot rapidly. Then, he said jerkily:

"Another quare thing I found that morning, yer reverence. The Archdaykon's surplice, which was as clane as a pin on Sunday morning, was that morning as dirty as if a tramp had slept in it. Wasn't that quare now, your reverence?"

And he looked up at the priest with a meaning smile.

"It was; very strange, indeed!" quoth Henry.

And the cobbler seemed now to beat in the wooden rivets and iron tacks as furiously as if he were in a passion. But no! he was only dramatizing a little. Then he suddenly stopped; and looking up again, he said:

"And the quarest thing of all is this, yer reverence. I don't know what the Archdayken drinks at home. It may be champagne, or it may be soda-water. But this I can take my Bible oath upon—that, at least, whin he's conducting divine service, he's not in the habit of spilling bottled porter over his clothes."

"I should say not, indeed," said Henry Liston, with a gaiety he didn't feel. He didn't know what this church official, with the knowledge he certainly possessed of the midnight raid upon the vestry, was going to do. The latter, however, explained.

"But, 'mum's the word," yer reverence. "I don't want to see thim poor fools sent to gaol for six months. But it was fortunate for them the thing occurred in the beginning of the week; and not of a Saturday night. I had the whole thing spick and span by Sunday morning. 'I'm afraid, Cox,' said the Archdayken, 'that you get my surplice washed too often.' He was rubbing his chin and smiling. I knew what he meant. 'The claner and whiter they are, sir,' sez I, 'the more they'll frighten the ghosts away. An' I'm towld that a ghost has been seen around here lately.' 'So I heard, Cox,' sez he. And there'll be no more about it!"

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XXV.

PARTINGS.

YEARS had rolled by over the heads of our actors in this little drama—years, leaden-footed to the young, swift to the old. And they brought with them many changes, for good or ill, for the years are impartial, and they drop snowflakes or fireflakes at will on the heads over which they pass in their flight to eternity.

All our younger friends had left the parish, and changed the *venue* of life elsewhere. The old had struck their roots too deeply to bear transplanting.

Mary Liston had entered, not the Convent of the teaching order, where she had been educated, but one of the strictest and most austere observance in the Church—that of the Poor Clares, or Collettines. The reason for the change originated in a casual conversation which she had, a few days before she left her brother's house, with Nance, the poor girl who earned her livelihood by washing in the diamond-paned cottage at the corner of the road which led from Lackagh to the parish priest's house. A slight acquaintance had sprung up between them; and Mary Liston had visited the cottage a few times, attracted thither by the strange supernatural atmosphere of the place—the realization and bringing down into daily life of the Unseen Powers, that from their hidden habitation amongst us seem to hold their hands on the pulse of all things that breathe and move. This sense of the supernatural breathed from every object in the humble cabin; and it was so intimate that the girl expressed her surprise that Miss Liston should suppose it unusual.

"Lonesome, Miss? Yerra, no! I'm never lonesome here. I keeps the best of company. Whin I'm pounding and washing and beetling and mangling these clothes, I do be thinking all the time of how the Blessed Virgin did the same for Jesus and Joseph. An' I imagines her to be here near me, both of us working together; and I do be talkin' to her; and she to me. And sometimes I axes her all about her Divine Son; and she ups

and tells me everything—what He wears, and what He eats and drinks; and where she gets things for the house; an' how she manages the poor wages St. Joseph airns. And thin, whin she goes away, I talks to the Lord over there on His Cross, and I tells Him all I thinks and feels about His sufferings and death, until the big lump comes into me throat, and I haves to shtop. And thin, I takes to singing ould tunes and hymns my grandmother taught me—wild ould Irish songs, in which the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation, and everythin' is mixed up together, ontil I gets so happy an' joyful, that I do be jumpin' out of me skin."

"Then," said Mary Liston, "you're never sad, nor sorrowful, nor wishing to be something else than what you are?"

"Yerra, God bless you, no, Miss!" said the girl. "I don't know what it is to be sorrowful. I was a bit lonesome whin me ould grandmother wint away from me; but that's all passed and gone. I know she's in heaven, altho' I still get Masses and prayers said for her. But, I'm not a bit sad nor sorrowful now. How could I be, when I have Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, wid me? And look, Miss! all them Saints comes out of their pictures and talks to me; and sometimes, whin I go to bed at wan or two in the mornin', I can't sleep I'm so full of joy, and me heart is big enough to break in bits."

"But, you have a hard life," said Miss Liston. "Up in the dark of the morning, working all day in soap-suds and a steamy atmosphere, and all nearly for nothing, for I have heard you are poorly paid."

"As to gettin' up in the mornin'," said the poor girl, "that's aisy enough, whin you want to get back amongst all that's holy and good; and as for workin' all day, I don't mind it. It would be much harder to be sittin' down on that sugan chair, idle and lazy. And as for the pay, sure I haves enough; an I sez to meself that I am richer than the Blessed Virgin, for I have only wan mouth to feed; and she had three, blessed be their holy names!"

"But, then, you must be sometimes fagged out and tired," persisted Miss Liston, who was struck by this picture of transcendent piety in such a place, "and you must long to lie down and be at rest, and give up work altogether?"

"Yerra, God bless you, no, Miss!" was the reply. "Whin I

am tired, I just thinks of our Lord carrying His cross to Calvary; and it gives me new strinth. Whin I wants to lie down, I sez to meself, Ha! if you had the hard bed of the cross to lie upon, you wouldn't be in such a hurry, me lady! Or, if your two hands and feet were gripped in the cowld, hard nails, that were rusting with your blood, you wouldn't mind the hot wather and the soda that blisthers 'em now. Ah, no, Miss, whin we think of all that was done and suffered for us, it's aisy to bear our own little thrials—av coorse, with the help of Him who sinds them."

Now, all this made Mary Liston reflect; and some holy books that ever lay on her dressing-table seemed to repeat in better language the words of this poor girl. And then Mary Liston began to pray—that is, to pray in earnest—*not to say* her prayers only. And gradually a new light began to creep into her life, and a strange, weird sense of a world beyond the world of time and sense began to dawn on her startled mind. She now became afraid. She was at the parting of the ways. She had gone too far to go back; and yet she feared to go forward, for there she knew were desolation and trial, before she could emerge into the peace and joy that surpasseth understanding. It was the ordeal through which every select soul must pass that is called to the higher life—the skirting of the valleys of howling desolation before emerging into the sunlight of the beckoning hills. But she persevered; and in silence. Never a word did she speak to her mother or even to her brother about the call and the consequences. Only they noticed that she had grown paler and thinner, and more reserved, though not less cheerful. Some said it was the exercise of cycling which was settling her features in such lines of hardness and strength. Some said it was the sea-air. But she went her way in a silence broken only by her conferences with Nance. Then, one day, she got permission to attend a retreat for ladies at a certain city convent. There she decided that her vocation was not for a life of teaching or nursing or visiting; but to a life of contemplation and prayer, broken only by the austerities of the severest Order in the Church.

Strange to say she received no opposition except in one quarter, and that the least expected. Her home friends assented in unquestioning silence. They knew nothing about

such things. They only knew that her Director had bidden her thither, and she should obey the call. Her brother offered no opposition. His heart sank somewhat when he thought of his little sister walking the flagged or tiled corridors of the convent in bare feet; or rising at midnight with the sleep still heavy on her eyelids to go down to the cold dark choir for two or three hours; or ringing the alms-bell, when she and her religious sisters were actually hungry. But he had too deep a sense of the supernatural to oppose the manifest will of God. He only questioned his sister as to whether she quite understood and realized the austerities she was about to face. And when she had answered that she had measured and weighed them all and her own strength and endurance, he said: "God's will be done!" But the very day she entered religion, he quietly sold all his silver, and evermore tried to imitate her although far off.

But Annie O'Farrell was furious. That is the only word, I think, that will express her indignation and grief at her young friend's resolution. Somehow, probably in the absence of other friends, and in the soft heat of youthful enthusiasm, she had grown into a singular unity of thought and purpose with Mary Liston. Their ideas, sentiments, longings seemed to harmonize in such completeness that no room was left for doubt or distrust. And Annie O'Farrell, though of a strong nature, still felt a new zest in life, because she had a friend, not so much to lean upon, as to share her inmost thoughts, and become the partner of all her future hopes and ambitions. And now, here is the friend ruthlessly torn from her side by a fanatical idea; and so unexpectedly that Annie refused to believe it until she heard it from her own lips. It was at Father Liston's house.

"This is not true, Mary Liston," she said in an aggrieved tone. "Father Liston has told me that you are about to become a Collettine, or something else of that kind; but although he is a priest, I refuse to believe it. Say it is not true!"

"But it is, Annie," said Miss Liston. "I shall wait for a few weeks longer to make some preparations; and then I depart. Ah, if you could only come also!"

"Me?" said Annie, shocked and angry. "God forbid that I should bury myself in a tomb for the rest of my life."

"Sometimes flowers grow even in tombs," said her friend laughing, yet with a certain sadness in her voice.

"It is sheer nonsense—sheer, downright, stark madness," said Annie. "I'm amazed that Father Liston could tolerate the idea for a moment. I knew always you'd be a nun. Something told me of it. But then I hoped you would join a high-class teaching order, where you would have all the refinements and advantages of life and yet do good—real, positive good in educating young girls decently. But to bury yourself in a hole, where you will be half-starved and perished with cold and hunger, and where you can never be of any use to man or mortal—I say, Mary, you'll never stand it—not for a week, mark my words. And then out you'll come; and the whole world will be laughing at you."

Here Henry Liston entered. Annie turned to him.

"Father Liston," she said, "how can you entertain for a moment the idea of allowing Mary to enter that horrible hole of a convent? Don't you know, as well as I do, that she won't stand it for a week? For God's sake, stop it now, before it becomes too late. You know, if Mary enters, her pride will keep her from returning, even though she knows her life will be a purgatory. I can't understand why you should allow it. And I can't understand why the Church should tolerate such useless and cruel institutions here in the end of the nineteenth century."

So she argued, reasoned, pleaded with all the eloquence of a love that was being broken into pieces by such severance. But it was of no use. Mary Liston smiled at her friend's extravagance. Father Liston said nothing. He went about, sad and resigned to the inevitable.

Annie broached the matter to her uncle. She argued, pleaded, expostulated, in the hope that he would interfere. But here she was met by a wall of adamant.

"It is the Law!" he said.

"What Law?" she cried. "What Law can bind a young girl, in all the freshness and sweetness of her youth, to bury herself in a hole, to wear coarse flannels, to eat coarse food which she begs, to get up in the middle of the night and go down into a cold chapel—ugh! And, worse than all, to lead a lazy, useless life, neither good for king nor country?"

"A lazy, useless life?" he muttered severely. "A lazy, useless life? What are you speaking of, Annie? Or, do you quite understand what you mean?"

"Perfectly," she replied, although she was afraid she had gone too far. "It is a lazy, useless life to do nothing but meditate and pray, and—fast."

"What would you, in your great wisdom, substitute for prayer?" he asked.

"Why, work—work of some kind, teaching, tending the sick, making girls useful, and so on."

"But prayer is work!" he said, so gently now that Annie did not see how she was betraying herself.

"Prayer—work? Surely, uncle, you're mistaken. Prayer—work? Who ever heard the like?"

"Try it for one hour," he said, "for one half-hour; and you'll be glad to get back to your needle."

The experiment was not needed. She admitted the fact.

"But, then it is useless—I mean, one cannot see the utility of it, like teaching, or nursing?"

"Of course," he replied. "These are the stock arguments of modern irreligion. Everything now must show itself in order to be recognized. Men will believe only what they see. And yet," he continued, in a musing manner, "they might see the magnificent, the unspeakable power of prayer, if they would but open their foolish eyes to see. But no, the animal sees but the fodder beneath its mouth; and the world will persist in looking at things in a bovine manner forever. But to the eyes of faith, what daily, hourly miracles are wrought by prayer! But there, I'm speaking to a nineteenth-century, up-to-date, *fin-de-siècle* young Yank; and she cannot understand."

"No! indeed," said Annie, taking courage from the kindly bantering. "All I can tell you, uncle, is this. America is to be the right-hand of the Church in the immediate future. That's settled. When all your old, outworn, old Churches are gone to pieces, America will be the young athlete of Catholicity. But, we won't stand any nonsense, mind you, over there! No old Middle-Age institutions, with their hair-cloths, and chains, and fastings; but useful, educational institutions for the young and brave Americans—"

"Oh, for God's sake, stop that, Annie," he cried in dismay.

She burst out laughing.

"Ah! there it is," she said. "No use trying to open up your old world to see what the future is bringing. But say, uncle.

You said, in speaking of Mary, that she had to go. It is the Law! What law? Where is the law that can bind a young girl to give up her youth, and loveliness, and hope, to bury herself in a living tomb? I don't believe God ever made such a law as that."

"Go and say your prayers, child," he said. "Learn to pray! All the eloquence of the world wouldn't make it clear to you now. It is speaking of color to a blind person. Pity that Miss Liston is going so soon. She would teach you a good deal, Annie."

He paused, as if thinking. Then he went on:

"Yes! she would teach you a good deal—a good deal that cannot be learned now except by the way of tears."

At which Annie marveled a little; but only a little.

Only a little! Because she had already experienced what it is to pass under the hands of the taskmaster who demands his fees in tears. That word, that quotation of four lines from "Hamlet," which Edward Wycherly had whispered to her on the side-car the night she drove with him from the school-house had smitten her with terror and shame such as she had never known before. A sudden blow on the face to a strong man is not more of a surprise and insult than an indelicate word uttered in the ear of a pure-minded girl. And when Annie O'Farrell, hastily descending from the sidecar, abruptly, too, without a word of thanks or farewell, sought her room, it was with a sense of insult and shame, that made her eyes dilate and one hot blush after another mount to her neck and face. She felt, as she afterwards described it, as if some loathsome and fetid fluid had been flung upon her, and had saturated her garments, and could not be removed by any manner of chemical. It was a hot head that pressed the pillow that night; and the pillow was wet with tears.

When the morning came, however, it was not a girl, gentle and joyful, that arose to face the labors of the day; but a woman, strong and determined and angry with herself and the world. There was a sense of shame surrounding her that gave her unusual fortitude. She had tasted of the bitter tree of knowledge of good and evil; and, although she felt and knew that her conscience could not upbraid her, and that she was as innocent as on the morning of her First Communion, she also felt that she had been initiated into the mystery of mysteries—the iniquity

that covers and encompasses the earth. And a grave, solemn silence seemed to come down upon her life; and when she spoke, it was with the assurance of womanhood, and not the timidity of a girl. Her whole character was stricken into precocity by one word, just as one word sometimes reveals vice or genius.

Her uncle supposed that it was a sense of loneliness and sorrow after her companion that weighed on her spirits; and he strove to reason with her. Then one day she revealed her intention of going away, and preparing for life in some independent fashion. He was alarmed and angry. He then felt how much she had grown into his life. He then pleaded his growing infirmity.

"I had hoped," he said, "that you would stay with me unto the end. Annie, you know what I anticipate, partial if not utter blindness. That will be dreadful if you abandon me. I shall go mad if I have no one to read to me; to speak to me."

But he did not know that the strength and stubbornness of his own character was reflected in that of his niece. She shook her head. He then decided that she was cold and selfish.

"Of course, it is your American training," he said, with bitterness. "Everyone for herself there! Very good! I cannot prevent you!"

"But, uncle," she said, "you don't, you cannot understand. Oh! It is so hard to explain. Believe me, I am not ungrateful nor indifferent to you. But—"

He was silent.

"I *must* go. Indeed, I must. I am not tired of Doonvarragh; and I don't want to see the world; and I am not ungrateful. Oh, uncle dear, don't think so! Perhaps, one day, I'll explain. But I must go!"

"Very well!" he said, coldly.

"But I'll come back on all my holidays, and this will always be my home—that is, if you allow me. Say, you will, dear uncle. Say, 'Come back, whenever you like. This will always be your home, Annie.'"

"Well," he said, "you're an ungrateful hussy. But, I suppose, I can't turn you out, if you care to come."

"Oh, oh! That won't do at all, at all! Say, 'Annie, you go with my blessing, and with my full free will and consent. And you're always to come back here when you are disposed, or I need

you. And when I'm very old, you shall come back altogether to nurse me; and—'"

So there were pleadings and counterpleadings between two strong spirits for many months, nature and habit struggling with the strong man to retain the companionship of his niece; instinct and an undefinable desire to flee from danger prevailing with his niece. Then, one day, wearied by her importunity, he said to her:

"There now, there now! Go, child, in God's name! I'm not going to set my face against Providence. And perhaps, after all, you are right, and it is for the best. When we are nearing eternity, it is foolish to entangle ourselves in human ties."

It was not very soothing; but Annie had her way. And hence, some years have elapsed, and Mary Liston, long since professed, is treading the flagged corridors of her convent with bare or sandalled feet; and her little friend, Annie, is a qualified surgical nurse in the wards of a city hospital.

CHAPTER XXVI.

And Prophecies.

ONE evening in the October of this year, Judith sat on a hillock, clothed with the beautiful sea-thistle far down on the yellow sands of the little bay inside the fiord that ran up into the land beneath Dunkerrin Castle. She swept the sea-horizon from time to time with her keen eye; but neither ship, nor boat, nor yacht was visible. She muttered some expressions of impatience; and began to croon some old Romany song, and mark some figures on the sands, as if she were weaving spells for an enemy. It was a lovely, calm evening with a hush upon all things, except where the tide washed up and broke upon the sands, and troubled here and there a tiny shell or pebble. The solemn gray of October hung over sky and rock and sea; and made all things grave and sedate, even the gulls and sea-larks, that ceased their cries as they poised themselves over the still deep, or scampered in and out, as the tide washed clean on the sands, and the worms pushed up their little globules and hillocks of soft sand as the tide receded. It was a time and

season that moved to meditation, or that most supreme self-engrossment which we call sleep; and perhaps Judith had gone into the Land of Dreams when Edward Wycherly, after running out the anchor of his yacht in the soft sands near the shore, shot his little punt high up on the shelving beach. He stepped lightly ashore and, standing silent for a few minutes over the silent woman, he said:

"I thought the devil never slept, nor his children."

"There is sleep and sleep," she said without lifting her head or betraying the slightest sign of surprise or emotion. "There are those who see less with their eyes open than Judith sees in her dreams."

"Good again!" said Wycherly, smiling pitifully at her. "Now what are you going to prophesy? Is there a fair-haired woman coming over the sea?"

"No!" she said slowly, still drawing lines on the sand. "But a black hawk sits on a rock and he is still watching the dove. He'll never strike his quarry; nor ever return to his nest."

Wycherly saw the allusion and his brow darkened.

"Speak plainly," he said angrily. "These things are for the firesides of peasants."

"He stood lightly enough on my lady's wrist," she replied, "whilst he was leashed and hooded. But he hath seen the white dove and he has drawn high and higher circles in the heavens to make her his prey."

"If you mean that any of these poor peasants is in danger," he said, "go tell the priests."

"Eagles don't catch flies!" she said.

"You don't like the priests, Judith?" he answered by way of interrogation.

"I don't dislike them," she said. "I tolerate them."

"Complimentary to the cloth," he said. "It is a good joke. I must remember it."

"All the strong ones of the earth hate them," she continued. "All the weak things of the earth lean on and love them. You and I are strong, Therefore—"

"Who is the black hawk, Judith?" he said in a bland and coaxing manner.

She raised her hand and, pointing her long forefinger to the west, where the coast bent round and sheltered far away the coast-guard station, she said:

"Don't heed the dove, but mind the nest," she replied. "I see far off and behind the future desolation after desolation. And then, from behind a blood-red cloud and a blinded sun, I see the dove return and settle here forever."

"Happy dove!" he said laughingly. "But now we'll drop the Sybil, if you please, and come to business. Have you or Pete heard anything from yonder?"

And he nodded toward the west where the coast-guard station lay.

"No!" she said languidly. "Have you?"

"I have heard nothing," he said, "but I know something. There's a traitor somewhere. We have to be careful now, or all is lost."

"You have been talking that way for four years, Edward Wycherly," she said, "ever since the day you came hither from your ship. Men with scorched hands shouldn't play with fire."

"You mean I'm a coward," he said, his face darkening in the twilight. "You're wrong. If I cared to tell, I could prove it to you. But, just now, I have everything to gain, and everything to lose; and one needs caution."

"You must remember," she said, "Edward Wycherly, that you came into this business on your own invitation. We didn't ask you to join us. Nay, if you remember rightly, we were somewhat reluctant about it; and you resented this, and—you threatened!"

He knew the allusion, and blushed beneath his sallow skin.

"You threatened," she continued, "—you remember what you threatened. If there be a traitor, let him be judged out of his own mouth."

"There, Judith," he said. "I didn't want to offend you. You know that; but your southern blood is hasty. But you know how I stand now. The fact is, I am anxious to get out of this business. 'Tis dangerous. You and Pete have nothing to lose; I, everything. Just now, my father is tottering into his grave; and all this," he swept his hand backward, "is mine. My name is already gone before the Lord Lieutenant of the County for the Commission of the Peace; and I want to settle down—"

"And bring the white dove hither," she interrupted. "A pretty programme, Edward Wycherly; but there's many a pretty plan foiled in the working."

"I know that!" he said, furtively looking at the sinister face of the woman. "And hence I want a fair field. I want to remove the obstructions, one by one. And then, you know, Judith, it will be all the better for you and Pete. You, too, are running risks; and, after all, the old castle is more comfortable than the County Gaol. Let us clear this cargo, bury the past, and settle down to a decent and lawful life. You and Pete may be sure, you can trust me!"

She seemed to ponder earnestly over the question, still drawing lines on the sands. Then, raising her head, she looked him full in the face, and said:

"Settle your affairs with Pete, Edward Wycherly. A woman's brains are no match for yours."

"Your brains are more than a match for any man's," he replied. "But there is no question in dispute between us. It simply amounts to this. We have been running risks for some profits. If, as I suspect, the authorities have got wind of it, they will watch and search; and, even though we may foil them for a time, they will succeed in the end. That means ruin."

"Of course," she said drily.

"Then, is it not better to suspend operations? I can make up the loss to Pete."

"How?" she asked.

"Well, you see," he answered with some reluctance, "there are many ways. Pete can get constant employment on the property. We can get Cora into the house—that is, if she and you care. And you can always have a home here."

"One would like—I mean Pete would like a little better security," she replied.

"Then," he went on, apparently not noticing the remark, "old Kerins can't stand. He's drinking too hard. Poor devil, he's driven to it, and no wonder. No man could go around, day by day, carrying his life in his hand without taking to drink. He's an awful fool not to sell out and clear off to America."

"But you were saying," she persisted, "that old Kerins can't stand. What then?"

"Well, then," he said uneasily, "you know the Duggans have no chance. They cannot buy the place at his price. Someone else will offer—"

"Who?" she asked, studying his features closely.

"Well, Pete has saved enough now by—by—this business to offer a good price."

"And settle down into a Gorgio farmer?" she said, laughing. "Not likely, Edward Wycherly. Think of some other bribe, and offer it at your leisure—at your leisure," she repeated, "to the little father."

He ground his teeth and walked away sullenly, cursing the old "catamount" and—himself for having been betrayed by the lust of wealth into the courses that brought him within the law, and within the terrible power of these uncanny heathens, who, he knew, would sacrifice him at a word to save themselves. How often he wished now that he had cleared out this gypsy family from the old castle; and how often he regretted the steady opposition to the parish priest he had inculcated by word and example amongst the rebellious and disaffected in the district. It seemed too late now, unless in some mysterious manner the Fates came to his aid.

He entered the mansion, now practically his own, with a heavy heart. The dinner bell was rung; but he seemed not to hear it. The old servitor, clad in a suit of faded black, had to knock at his bedroom door and tell him that the doctor was already at the dinner-table. He dressed hastily and came down.

He thought the dining-room never looked so gloomy. The darkened panels and ceiling seemed black as a funeral pall; the silver glinted and shone; but its very massiveness seemed to weigh upon his spirits. The cloth was covered with bunches and sprays of early chrysanthemums in all their varied and flaming colors; but just then they seemed to mock him with their fragile beauty. It was a frugal dinner, as the old doctor's tastes were simple—a little soup, served in a silver tureen, a dish of steak and several dishes of vegetables. Then came piles of rich autumnal fruit from their own gardens and hothouses; and biscuits with little flakes of cheese and butter lay on highly-decorated china, old and cracked, but valuable to the eye of a connoisseur.

Edward Wycherly took a pear and ate it hastily. Then he swallowed in single gulps two glasses of wine.

His father pushed away his plate and said softly:

"Strange I haven't heard from Dion for ever so long. He wrote punctually the first weeks he was at sea; but not a note

has come for months. I fear some trouble. And—his mother came to me in my dreams last night."

"I think you needn't be troubled, sir," said his son. "His ship, I think, has gone round the Horn, where it is always blowing big guns; and probably he won't touch at port, nor have a chance of posting a letter till he gets to 'Frisco."

"I don't know," said his father uneasily, "I have got some presentiment about the boy. And then—his mother came to me in sleep last night!"

"I remember," said Edward Wycherly, "when I was rounding the Cape in the *Nevada*, we had to lay to for days, keeping her head to the seas. There was no going forward in the teeth of a head-wind. I think that run took a good six months."

"I don't know," said the father dreamily, "I cannot shake off some sense of danger. It is strange that I shall not spend my old age in peace. Doesn't a man deserve peace in his declining years?"

"Of course, sir," replied his son. "And I think you are needlessly troubled. You may be sure Dion is all right. And then, he's a hardy chap."

"Ah, yes! no fear there," said his father in the same moody manner. "No fear there! Poor Jack is the one to fear there. I was hoping that all would be right. But his mother came to me in sleep last night!"

Edward Wycherly was so utterly depressed by his own thoughts and by the lugubrious laments and forebodirgs of his father that he felt he could bear it no longer. But he thought it was his duty to say some strengthening words to his father.

"You shouldn't be needlessly fretting, sir," he said. "There's no fear of Jack. A year or two more and he'll have his degree and then he can look around."

Dr. Wycherly reached to the mantelpiece and took down a letter in the same dreamy, listless manner that characterized all his actions.

"Here is a letter that came this morning," he said, opening it and reading: 'A dear friend would advise Doctor Wycherly to remove his son from the city immediately. He can complete his studies elsewhere. This place is not best suited to the interests of mind or body.'"

He handed the note to Edward. It was written in a disguised hand and was, of course, unsigned.

"Some fellow," he said, tossing it back, "who wants to get Jack out of his way for the half-yearly exam. It is quite enough that the letter is anonymous."

"Quite so!" said Dr. Wycherly, taking back the letter and folding it. "But his mother came to me in my dreams last night!"

"I'm not much of a preacher or a consoler," said his son, "but I often heard it said that the worst misfortunes are those that never happen, and that it is always foolish to anticipate evils. Now, as you have said, you have a right to peace after your long and laborious life. Where's the use then in fretting about fanciful troubles?"

He had a keen underthought that his own substantial troubles might very soon come to the front.

"All that you say is true," said his father in the same lugubrious manner. "But 'coming events cast their shadows before.' And I cannot shake off the impression. *Your* mother came to me in my dreams last night!"

Edward Wycherly was silent. He could not argue further. Then he rose and went out.

He had not gone far in front of the house when he heard a long low whistle. He knew what it meant. He passed beyond the precincts of the house, and Pete leaped lightly over the ditch.

"The lugger is in the offing," he whispered. "We have no time to lose."

"All right!" said Edward Wycherly in a tone of despair. "Was your mother speaking to you of our conversation?"

"No!" said the little father in a tone of surprise. "Shall we take the yacht or the boat?"

"How goes the wind?"

"In the right quarter, blowing gently off the land."

"How will the night be?"

"Dark as hell. The quarter moon has sunk in the sea."

"All right. Get ready and I shall be with you at the creek."

He turned away, but he had gone only a short distance when he called after Pete.

The little father came up wondering.

"Never mind!" said Edward Wycherly. "Have all things ready in the punt and I shall be presently with you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Doneraile, Ireland. P. A. SHEEHAN.

Analecta.

S. C. DE PROPAGANDA FIDE.

Interpretatio Decreti De Transmissione Stipendiarum ad Ecclesias Orientales.

Rmo P. D. Aloisio Benziger, Episcopo Quilonensi.

Illme et Rme Domine:

Amplitudo Tua, litteris ad me datis sub die 22 superioris mensis Septembris, dubium exponebat, utrum illud quod statuitur in capite tertio decreti *Recenti* S. C. Concilii, super modo quo transmitti possint Missae ad Ecclesias Rituum Orientalium, etiam pro ista dioecesi Quilonensi intelligendum foret.

Porro per praesentes Tibi significo, numerum decreti de quo agitur non referri ad dioeceses Indiarum Orientalium sed ad Ecclesias *Orientales* proprie dictas.

Interim vero Deum precor ut Te diu sospitem servet.

Amplitudinis Tuae

Addictissimus Servus

Fr. H. M. Card. Gotti, *Praef.*

Aloisius Veccia, *Secretarius.*

Romae d. 5 Nov., 1908.

ROMAN CURIA.

APPOINTMENTS.

Official announcement is made of the following nominations by Pontifical Brief:

6 April: Monsignor George I. Patterson of the Archdiocese of Boston, appointed Protonotary Apostolic *ad instar.*

Revs. Dennis O'Farrell, Jeremias Millerick, Edward Moriarty, William McQuaid, John O'Brien, of the Archdiocese of Boston, made Domestic Prelates.

14 April: Rev. Michael Splaine, of the Archdiocese of Boston, nominated *Cameriere segreto supranumerario.*

19 April: Charles Hardy, Esq., received into the Knighthood of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

Studies and Conferences.

OUR ANALECTA.

Among the Roman documents for the month are to be noted the Encylical Letter of the Sovereign Pontiff to the Episcopate on the occasion of the eighth centenary of the death of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury. The Encyclical, which is dated 21 April, 1909, places the holy Archbishop as a model before the ecclesiastical rulers of our own times. The full text of the Encyclical occupies about fifty pages, and is printed, in Latin and Italian, in the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* of 21 April (Vol. I, No. 8).

The Prefect of Propaganda, Cardinal Gotti, in a letter addressed to the Right Rev. Aloysius Benziger, Bishop of Quilon (Malabar coast), states that the rules laid down in the Decree *Recenti* of the S. Congregation of the Council, regarding the transmission of Mass stipends to the Eastern Clergy, are not to be understood as meant for the East Indies but for the districts of the Oriental Church (in the ecclesiastical application of the term).

ROMAN CURIA also announces a number of promotions and pontifical appointments.

CHRISTIAN BURIAL IN A CASE OF SUDDEN DEATH.

Qu. A somewhat prominent business man in our town, who had apparently no practical religion, died suddenly of apoplexy. His partner, a Catholic, came to me and stated that the deceased had once publicly declared that he was baptized and reared in the Catholic Church, but that he had been repudiated by the Church at the time of his marriage with a Protestant lady in a Presbyterian church. He had often said that he thought the Catholic religion the only consistent creed among professed Christians; that he had no respect for the sects; but that in such matters as religion he believed that people, especially women, had to have their own way. Hence he had yielded to his

wife's plea to be married by her minister, who was "a respectable sort of a fellow"; which, apart from his religion, could not be said of the Catholic priest who ministered in the little "Roman" church of this town at the time. For the same reason, he had permitted his children to be brought up in the Presbyterian faith, all being girls who went with the mother. She was dead; the children were grown up, and willing to have their father buried with Catholic rites, if that were possible, since he had never been attached to any other, and was known to have little regard for any of the sects.

As the daughters were well connected and favorably known among Catholics of the better social class, I deemed it advisable to consult the Bishop. He was absent; and the Chancellor, who knew the people of our place, strongly impressed me with the impropriety of giving Catholic burial—which would naturally have to be somewhat showy in this case, since all the big people of the town would attend—to a man who was excommunicated by his own act, inasmuch as his marriage before a Protestant minister had brought canonical censure upon him. Accordingly I refused to have the burial service in our church.

Some priests thought I might have given the man the benefit of the doubt, since he had died suddenly, and would probably, if he had had time to express his intention in face of approaching death, have returned to the Church of his youth and made amends as far as he could. What do you think?

Resp. We need not doubt that the unfortunate renegade who sacrifices the duty imposed upon his conscience by his religious convictions in order to conciliate the sentiment or the religious convictions of the woman whom he loves and wishes to marry, might at the instant of death so regret his surrender of the faith as to conciliate God's mercy and thereby secure his own salvation. But the Church and her ceremonial are part of an external regime which does not discuss the secret probabilities or the inward acts of conscience unless they manifest themselves in some form or act which permits the positive inference that the motives of penance and the desire for reconciliation exist at the hour of death. If the Church

gives the benefit of the doubt and hence Catholic burial to a Catholic who has died suddenly without having received those Sacraments which are a profession and pledge of his voluntary adherence to her doctrine and discipline, it is only because his wish to die in the Catholic faith may legitimately be presumed from his not having externally repudiated that faith during the time when he was free to do so, even though he may not have done anything to profess it very definitely. For indifference is calculated to turn into active desire for eternal happiness and into sorrow for sin, when the light of judgment begins to dawn on the soul.

But in the case before us we have not merely indifference, but deliberate denial by the public action—whatever his private sentiments or public words may have seemed to the contrary—of subjecting the sacramental contract of his marriage to the witnessing of heretical ministry, and of willingly allowing the children to be deprived of the boon of the true faith which he as a father was in duty bound to give them. This positive denial of God, publicly witnessed and never explicitly retracted, deprives him of the benefit of the doubt which authorities of the Church allow as basis for the legitimate inference that there was no wilful repudiation of the faith and hence no ground for taking scandal if Christian burial were permitted.

We quote the following decision of the Holy Office as confirmatory of what has been said. The question proposed was:

Utrum catholici, qui cum acatholicis coram haeretico ministro qua tali nuptias contraxerunt, et in eiusmodi nuptiis vel expresse consenserunt acatholicae prolium educationi, vel eas de facto in haeresi educari fecerunt, ideoque censuram incurrisse dicendi sunt, si apoplexia tacti et sensibus destituti aut statim aut brevi post discesserint, Ecclesiae minime reconciliati et quin resipiscientiae signa unquam dedissent, donari possint sepultura ecclesiastica et exequiis nec ne.

The reply was:

Eminentissimi DD. Cardinales Inquisitores Generales, re in generali conventu huius Supremae Congregationis habito feria IV, die 8 mensis Maii 1907 mature discussa, respondendum decreverunt: *Negative.*

CAESAREAN OPERATION.

The *New York Medical Journal* prints a paper (reprinted in pamphlet form) on "Caesarean Operation" by Dr. William L. Harris, Surgeon of St. Joseph's Hospital, Providence, Rhode Island, which is instructive not only for the practising physician for whom it was intended in the first instance but also for the student of pastoral theology. The author answers the question: What is the surgeon to do when he finds it impossible to deliver the mother in the normal way owing to the fact that nature blocks the ordinary exit of the child? There are various operations—symphysiotomy, pubiotomy, craniotomy, the induction of premature labor, and Caesarean section. In respect of the first two methods he says: "The virtue of these operations is no longer admitted. We have no security that they will not require supplementary section. Moreover, they are fully as difficult as Caesarean section, and convalescence from them is slower, while the mortality of the mother and child is high."

Shall we resort to craniotomy? he asks; and with uncompromising directness he answers: "*Certainly not,* unless the child is dead, or we desire to kill it; and in fact, since it may be difficult to answer whether the child is alive or not, *craniotomy requires a willingness to perpetrate infanticide.*"

We wish that all physicians would be taught such ethics of their profession; for it is the position which the Catholic Church has maintained with unvarying consistency in the medical schools in which her moral code has directed and accompanied the practice of the operating-room in the interests of humaneness and for the conservation of life.

Regarding the resort to the inducing of premature labor Dr. Harris likewise keeps in mind the obligation of the physician

to preserve life, never to take it. "If we could *be sure of the correct time* to precipitate labor," he says, the operation might be advised; "but if brought about too soon, we imperil the infant's life; if too late, we have to face the original danger of a difficult labor."

The one resort that is not subject to any of the above-named risks is Caesarean operation, when performed in time; that is, either before or as soon as labor begins. The operation takes only from ten to twenty minutes, and statistics which the writer gives show that the danger involved is a minimum compared with that incurred by the use of forceps. He gives explicit directions as to the time and manner of performing the Caesarean section; but these concern, of course, only the physician.

THE VERNACULAR IN THE SACRAMENTAL RITUAL.

The fact that our summary of the discussion concerning the necessity of a vernacular liturgy for the English-speaking people in the United States [1] has called forth favorable comment from a number of missionaries whose experience is valuable, and from several bishops as well as pastoral clergy, is an indication of our not having misconceived the appeal for an English interpretation at this time. One of the priests whose wide and accurate knowledge of the conditions of Catholic life in the United States, no less than his temperate and clear-headed judgment, entitles him to a hearing above all others in this matter, writes: "I have read the article in the June number on 'The Need of a Vernacular Liturgy in the United States,' and of course have also read the others that preceded it. Let me congratulate you on the idea of having the matter discussed in so candid and yet so guarded a way. The wisdom of it all shows itself especially in your present summary. I am sure that what you think we ought to ask the Holy See for, the Holy See would grant us. There is no rebellious fever in our blood; submission to the Sovereign Pontiff in all

[1] See June, pp. 657-677.

matters pertaining to our religious life is instinctive everywhere in America. Our views, when they strike any new direction, are wholly in reference to things that do not alter the essentials of the old faith or the apostolic discipline; yet they are usually enlightened by a full knowledge of conditions actual and prospective; and if carried out would greatly increase the number of conversions. . . . Will anything come of it? That must depend on our bishops. . . ." Others write in a similar strain, and without any misgivings as to the advantages which the proposed change would procure for our people.

But the most gratifying evidence of the fact that we have not ventured upon any purely academic display by arguing in behalf of a new ritual which permits the use of the vernacular as an alternative, comes from a writer in the *Pastoral Blatt* (St. Louis, Mo.). Presumably the sentiments expressed by him reflect those, not only of the erudite and judicious editor who allows them to appear in the conservative and thoroughly Roman Catholic columns of the ecclesiastical monthly for our German-speaking clergy, but likewise of the greater part of his readers scattered throughout all parts of the United States. The Rev. E. Heimerscheid, though he slightly misapprehends our own attitude in assuming that we favor any change in the liturgy of the Mass, enlarges with singularly practical sense upon the advantages which would accrue from a vernacular use of the Roman Ritual to the pastors and people of the United States. It is well known that our German-speaking clergy get, as a rule, a good grasp of the Latin language and value its terse strength in expressing not merely the distinctions of an exact philosophy and theology, but also the devotional spirit which links prayer with the *lex credendi*. All the writers of Pastoral Theology popular among the German clergy extol and emphasize the wisdom of maintaining the Latin liturgy as a medium of unity and of strengthening the historic ecclesiastical traditions with which so much of the reverence for ancient sacramental institutions is bound up. But their good practical sense is none the less alive to the

necessity of interpreting the liturgy to the people; and whilst they lack an official translation, their writers supply excellent translations to be used in connexion with the Roman Ritual. Of course this would be irksome when it involved the rendering of the services in two forms simultaneously; but our German brethren are inclined to take pains so as to be more exact in conforming to the law, even when they interpret its use, than is customary with priests of the Latin race.

We would like to translate here the spirited appeal and argument which the *Pastoral Blatt* furnishes in behalf of a vernacular liturgy for the sacramental rites and offices, without which, as the writer points out, thousands of Catholics remain in dire want of that nourishing food of soul which the sacramental action was instituted to offer them by gaining the assent of mind and heart to the grace that operates only partially when it operates *ex opere operato*. Would that our Bishops, under the leadership of the Cardinal, than whom none knows better the spiritual needs of our people in and outside the Church, were to see their way to listen to the appeal and further it by a formal petition to the Holy See!

OFFICIAL TRANSLATIONS OF THE LITURGY.

A reader calls attention to the fact that some advance has already been made during the last several years in the matter of popularizing the sacramental liturgy by furnishing English translations; and that in the Archdiocese of Baltimore the practice of reciting the prayers of the Church at funerals and some other ritual functions is quite common, inasmuch as it has the express sanction of the Cardinal. Good versions of the ritual prayers in English are found in the *Manual of Prayers,* compiled with the approval of the Plenary Council of Baltimore. Similar translations are to be found in various sacristans' manuals, and practical guides for Catholic worship.

We have no doubt that the efforts to popularize the liturgy of the Sacraments by the *Manual of Prayers* and the directions of broad-minded and zealous Ordinaries, for whom or-

thodoxy is the means of saving souls, and not merely the means by which dignity and institutional consistency are to be safeguarded, have had some success. Nevertheless, the *Manual of Prayers* has not become the popular handbook of devotion and instruction which it was intended to be. Priests do not care to carry about on their journeys and in the visitation of the sick, etc., a volume which contains practically the whole Christian doctrine, customs, and prayers, with a multitude of scattered though useful directions, all in small type. Moreover, it looks somewhat strange, not to use a stronger term, for a celebrant, after he has performed the entire rite with its prayers in Latin, to take up a second book and recite the same prayers in English without the accompanying ceremonies which they explain. It is a public statement and confession by the priest then and there that the people as a rule do *not* understand the Latin ritual. We say nothing of the delay, the perfunctoriness, and the humiliation which it all involves. A Roman priest argues that the Italians can understand the Latin ritual, and why should not the Americans do so if their pastors instructed them in the meaning? This sounds much as if one had to learn Latin before being able to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. If we were to adopt a similar system of accommodation in America toward the Italian people in our instructions, their need of native priests would be imaginary, since they can learn English, and do so quickly enough.

What we would advocate is a good translation of the prayers and blessings *printed in parallel columns with the Latin, to be used as the approved Ritual in our church services and in the administration of the Sacraments.* The priest could then make use of the vernacular as the occasion required. One thing alone should determine our choice in such a matter, namely the benefit which our people derive from the use of the sacred rites, and which always supposes that they understand all that is being said and done by the priest.

The Ritual, since it is not a mere archeological relic which demonstrates the antiquity of the rites of the Church, but is

intended to serve a practical purpose, may be adapted to the circumstances and different needs of different localities. Thus adapted by the authorities of a diocese, it requires the approbation of the Sacred Congregation to vouch for its orthodoxy and essential conformity to the typical edition of the Roman Ritual. It need not contain all that is found in the old ritual books, especially that for which we have no need. On the other hand, it should contain everything we do need, even if some item or other contained is not known or practised in Rome. Just as, on the principle of fostering devotion, many dioceses have their special calendars and local ordos regulating the use of missals and canonical offices, varying in rite according to custom, so a diocese has its ritual adapted to the genius of the people for whom it is intended as an expression of faith and prayer and grace. All the older dioceses in France, Spain, Germany, have such *Ritualia dioecesana,* and indeed after the Decrees of the Council of Trent it was one of the first cares of St. Charles Borromeo, who was a most scrupulous champion of the Roman discipline, to prepare a *Rituale Sacramentorum ad usum Mediolanensis Ecclesiae,* which was subsequently edited and amended by Milanese archbishops, like Cardinal Odescalchi, to answer the demands of the time.

Have we any need of an American edition of the Ritual? Very much indeed. Bishops and priests who cross the ocean by hundreds each year find themselves strangely handicapped for want of a form of public worship on shipboard. We have no " service ", and when, as most often it happens, there is no opportunity of saying Mass with proper decorum, the priest, unless he is exceptionally clever in improvising a programme for the singing of some hymns, often the *O Salutaris* or similar Latin strophes, and making an address, usually resorts to " saying the beads ". Hence when the captain of the vessel requests a priest to hold service, there is as a rule some embarrassment, whereas Protestants promptly get up a *congregational* chant and a consistent service of prayer and praise which they all know and understand; and their worship is at least edifying and intelligible.

In like manner bishops, monsignori, and priests of prominent ability or position are frequently requested to act on public occasions as interpreters of the religious sentiment which prompts communities, not exclusively Catholic, to recognize their dependence on and gratitude to God. We refer to the ceremonies of civic dedication of public buildings, the openings of educational, charitable, or even political conventions, in which prelates and priests are asked to take a leading part, thereby giving a moral tone and influence to the exercises and deliberations. We have neither authorized ceremonial nor prayer for such occasions; and none of the hundred *special* blessings of the Ritual suits these celebrations. Rome does not know these things and cannot know them unless they are brought before her tribunal. In the meantime we go on, each man following his own judgment or wrangling about forms where there is no question of orthodoxy. Some compose their prayers as the occasion prompts; others take what they find in the Ritual and make an inappropriate or jejune interpretation, fearing to do more lest that might imply the altering of the Ritual; others decline to act, lest they might compromise themselves. Thus the splendid opportunities of making Catholic ceremonial, doctrine, and prayer understood and appreciated by our fellow-citizens go by, because we have somehow got the false notion that "Urban" custom is identical with the Catholic discipline of which the Roman Pontiff is the guardian but not the exclusive pattern.

THE NEW BIBLICAL INSTITUTE AT ROME.

As we are about to go to press the Apostolic Letter announcing the foundation and at the same time the Constitutions of the Institute for Biblical Studies come to us in the official organ of the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*. We reserve the publication of the documents in order that we may have an opportunity of commenting on them for the benefit of English-speaking students. Meantime we give the definite outline of policy and government of the new institution.

In the first place the new academy is to be a post-graduate school, and to be open to students from all parts of the world —"quo delecti undique adolescentes convenirent, scientia divinorum eloquiorum singulares evasuri."

The applicants must be graduates of the regular courses of philosophy and theology as established for ecclesiastical seminaries of either secular or religious clergy. The object of the special courses to be given in the Biblical Academy is to train teachers and writers who will be properly qualified to defend the truths of Sacred Scripture. The examinations are to be held before the Biblical Commission, which, as is well known, consists of about fifty members, chosen from the most learned Catholic professors of Sacred Scripture, religious and secular, in the universities of the different countries. The subjects to be studied are to embrace the special questions of Biblical introduction, archeology, history, geography, philology, and interpretation. The method of instruction is to be both scientific and practical, so that lectures will alternate with conferences or circles and disputations on the plan of scholastic defensions.

The apparatus and equipment of the new academy is to be the most complete possible for critical study, reference and museum purposes. All the new works published in any tongue on the Bible or on topics of the Scriptural sciences will be at the disposal of the students.

In its government the new Institute is to depend directly upon the authority of the Holy See, which will appoint the president and members of the administration. The faculty is to act at the same time as a consulting body to the administration. The laws governing the Institute are grouped under five titles: 1. De Studiis in Instituto peragendis; 2. De Regimine Instituti; 3. De Magistris Instituti; 4. De celebrantibus Instituti scholas; 5. De bibliotheca Instituti. Three classes of persons are privileged to attend the lectures: the graduates or matriculated members of the Institute, the registered attendants (*auditores inscripti*), and the privileged guests (*hospites liberi*). Regular students must have acquired

the doctorate of theology before matriculating and are obliged to give evidence of having made a complete course in scholastic philosophy. These alone are qualified to pass the examination before the Biblical Commission. Of the so-called registered attendants (*auditores inscripti*) it is required that they have completed a course of philosophy and theology, although they need not have a degree.

TRIBUTE OF AN IRISH CITY TO THE HOLY FATHER.

There is something unique, though not at all strange, in the fact that a city in an English-speaking country and under the British rule should present through its City Council, headed by the Mayor, formal congratulations to the Sovereign Pontiff on occasion of his recent sacerdotal jubilee. The municipality of Cork is probably the only city outside the Latin countries which thus characterizes itself as distinctly Catholic. The following letter from the Holy Father in answer to the address presented in the name of the capital of the county and parliamentary borough of the old Munster district, is printed in the official *Acta* of the Vatican. It is a document of which the citizens of Cork may be justly proud. The letter of Cardinal Merry del Val reads:

My dear Lord Mayor,

I am desired by the Holy Father to ask you to kindly convey to the members of the City Council his sincere thanks for the beautiful address presented to him on their behalf by Mgr. O'Riordan, Rector of the Irish College, on the occasion of his sacerdotal Jubilee. His Holiness cordially welcomed the warm sentiments of loyalty and attachment to the Holy See expressed on the part of gentlemen composing a Council so Catholic as that of the City of Cork.

Both the very artistic design and fine execution of the address were greatly admired by the Holy Father. His Holiness bestowed most graciously on you and on all the members of the Corporation his paternal benediction.

I am, My dear Lord Mayor, yours faithfully in J. C.

L. * S. R. CARD. MERRY DEL VAL.

Rome, 30 April, 1909.

THE MECHANICS OF THE "ACTA APOSTOLICÆ SEDIS".

The laws for the Catholic world are made in Rome. That is as it should be, since Rome is the seat of the Sovereign Pontiff, the supreme ruler of the whole Church. But the fact that the Romans may also be and more often are Italians, involves the inconvenience of their not merely adopting Roman but imposing Italian standards when there is question of providing for the legislative needs of the children of the Catholic household everywhere. This has been exemplified in many ways in the past, and becomes more striking under the cosmopolitan methods that prevail to-day, especially in America.

The *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* is the "Commentarium Officiale" of legislation for the Catholic world, and the members of the hierarchy in every part of the universe are obliged to subscribe for it, since no other official communication of the laws issued by the Holy See is ordinarily addressed to them from Rome. Now this official bulletin prints (21 April, Vol. I, n. 8) documents, like the last Encyclical of Pius X on St. Anselm, addressed to the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the whole world, in the Latin language, which every bishop must be assumed to understand. It is the language of the law and of the legislators, and it is moreover beautiful and tersely expressive. This is all in perfect order.

But beside the Latin text there is printed in the *Acta* an Italian translation which covers half of the fifty pages given to the document in the *Acta*. Why the Italian translation? The Italian language represents a small fraction of the world's population (some thirty millions, as against one hundred and thirty millions, for example, who speak English). A stranger reading the *Acta* might be led to conclude that the Italian bishops are the only ones who do *not* understand the Latin.

We mean no disrespect; nor is our criticism intended to be anything but perfectly objective, and as such ought to be welcomed for the sake of good order. There is a carelessness too, a lack of accuracy, in the publication of details. Names

of places, persons, etc., are occasionally misplaced, faultily written, and insufficiently indicated, so much so as to make the *Acta* unsatisfactory for purposes of reference. We might instance a number of errors that have occurred in the eight or nine issues of the *Acta* hitherto printed. Thus the responses of the S. Congregation of Rites on the subject of "Women in the Liturgical Choir" is recorded under the title "Neo-Eboracen." We note this error more especially because the decree was forwarded to Rome by the Apostolic Delegate at the instance of the Editor of THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW in Philadelphia. Neither Washington nor Philadelphia is yet in New York State. Again, under "11 Febbraio, 1909" the assignment is made of "Il Rev. D. Francesco Hartleib, della diocesi di Baker City, Prelato Domestico." We wrote to ascertain whether Monsignor Hartleib had changed his diocese, and we found that the *Acta* was in error. In connexion with the mention of names, we would suggest that if the list of recipients of Pontifical honors is to be published, a sufficiently definite indication of place seems desirable so as to distinguish the nominees from others of the same name. This is not done. Thus we find, to take a random instance, "19 Aprile: Al Sig. Avv. Carlo Hardy," designating a candidate who has received the Order of St. Gregory the Great. "Carlo Hardy, avvocato," represents, we venture to say, scores of Catholic lawyers, in the United States, Canada, Australasia, England, and the Colonies, and possibly elsewhere. It would be interesting and in some cases important to know whence hails the eminent Knight who has so distinguished himself in defence of the Catholic cause as to deserve a decoration from the Father of Christendom. And so forth.

Ecclesiastical Library Table.

RECENT BIBLE STUDY.

Our Bible Study has not touched upon the Fourth Gospel since January, 1908 (pp. 88 f.), or rather since October, 1907 (pp. 440 ff.). In the mean time, the Johannine question has not been at a standstill; books and articles dealing with the problem as a whole, or with some of its special aspects, have followed each other in uninterrupted succession. It will be found convenient to group them under the headings followed by the Rev. W. Sanday in an article entitled "The Bearing of Criticism upon the Gospel History".[1]

I. Attack and Defence. 1. *Defence.* Professor Sanday impresses his reader from the start with the earnest controversial character of the publications connected with the Fourth Gospel. Not that they professedly attack each other, but they are "convinced books" on one side of the question or on the other. On the conservative side we have Theodor Zahn's commentary,[2] J. A. Robinson's *Historical Character of St. John's Gospel,*[3] Professor Fritz Barth's Introduction to the New Testament,[4] and T. Nicol's *Four Gospels in the Earliest Church History.*[5]

Zahn's scholarship and close attention to detail are too well known to need further notice. Barth avoids this detailed treatment of his subject, but strives to render the New Testament accessible to students of theology. His standpoint on St. John is opposed to that of H. Holtzmann and Jülicher; he maintains the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel. As to the rest, Professor Barth believes that Matthew first composed

[1] *Expository Times,* Jan., 1909, pp. 152 ff.

[2] *Das Evangelium des Johannes ausgelegt,* Leipzig, 1908: Deichert.

[3] Three Lectures Delivered in Westminster Abbey, Advent, 1907; London: Longmans.

[4] *Einleitung in das Neue Testament,* Gütersloh, 1908: Bertelsmann.

[5] Baird Lectures for 1907; London, 1908: Blackwood.

a collection of discourses; that this was utilized by Mark, and also by Luke, though the latter made use of Mark too and of several other sources. The Baird lecturer's subject did not demand originality, nor did the writer seek to be original at the expense of probability. He gives a summary of the evidence for the credibility of the Gospels, as it is available in the articles of recent Dictionaries of the Bible, and in the writings of such scholars as Sanday, Zahn, Harnack, Drummond, Allen, and others. The article on the Gospels by Dr. Newport White in the *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels* may be said to contain all that is to be found in Professor Nicol's book; but the lecture form and the skill in popular exposition displayed in the latter, adapts the evidence to minds not reached by dictionary articles. Finally Dr. Robinson, who is Dean of Westminster, realizes that the historical character of St. John's Gospel cannot be satisfactorily established in three lectures; hence he selects for discussion only such points as appeal most readily to a popular audience. One of these is the raising of Lazarus from the dead. The writer does not claim to convince "those who are unable to admit that any of the narratives of the raising of the dead can possibly be historically true". This possibility once granted, the writer does not see any greater difficulty in the raising of Lazarus than in the raising of the daughter of Jairus or the young man of Naim, excepting the fact that Lazarus was longer dead. As an expedient to remove this additional difficulty the Dean suggests another miracle suspending "the ordinary processes of decay." But if it is credible on the authority of the Gospel that Lazarus was raised from the dead, it is credible too that he was raised after the fourth day.

The Dean is happier in dealing with the difficulties against the raising of Lazarus, which spring from the criticism of the Gospels, from a comparison between the Fourth Gospel and the first three. First, it is said, that there seems to be no place for the raising of Lazarus in the framework of St. Mark's Gospel. The Dean points out that there is no place in the framework of St. Mark's Gospel for many facts contained

even in the other two Synoptics; for instance, the journey from Galilee to Jerusalem is told by St. Mark in fifty-two verses, while it occupies four hundred verses in the third Gospel. Secondly, St. John appears to represent the raising of Lazarus as the immediate occasion of the Crucifixion, while St. Mark emphasizes no particular incident as hastening the crisis. The Dean answers that according to St. John too the intention to destroy Jesus had been formed, and several attempts had been made to carry it out, before Lazarus was raised from the dead; that the emphasis apparently laid on the raising of Lazarus disappears, if the Fourth Gospel be taken as a whole, and if no particular section be made to stand alone; that the difference between St. John and St. Mark is owing to the fact that the fourth evangelist stands in Jerusalem, or its immediate vicinity, and watches Christ's reception there, while the second evangelist stands in Galilee, and watches Christ's progress from Galilee to Jerusalem. Thirdly, the critics contend that if Lazarus had been raised from the dead, St. Mark must have known of it and would have mentioned it. The Dean answers that St. Mark omitted many other known events, so that he may have omitted the raising of Lazarus too with full deliberation, unless this miracle be as significant as the critics endeavor to make it; that this contention of the critics is an application of the argument from silence, which has been much discredited in our days.

Though Professor Sanday enumerates only the foregoing books in his list of recent conservative works dealing with the Johannine problem, he does not wish us to understand that his list is complete. For the convenience of the reader we may add several other publications written from a conservative point of view. Father Murillo has somewhat amplified and collected in a single volume his lectures delivered in the Madrid Seminary during the scholastic year 1906-07.[6] The author adheres throughout to the traditional views, de-

[6] *San Juan.* Estudio critico-exegetico sobre el cuarto evangelio. Barcelona, 1908: Gili.

fending them not only against rationalists and modernists, but also against the critical opinions of such Catholic writers as Belser and Calmes. The Rev. J. MacRory contributed to the *Irish Theological Quarterly* (III., 50-72; 151-171) two articles entitled respectively "Recent Criticism and the Authorship of the Fourth Gospel", and "The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel: Internal Evidence". The direct internal evidence is based on Jn. 21:24; 19:35; 1:14; indirectly the Johannine origin of the Fourth Gospel is proved by the fact that its author was an Aramaic-speaking Jew, an eye-witness, an Apostle, and none other than John the son of Zebedee. Other studies on the same subject were contributed by G. Lahousse,[7] R. de Manresa,[8] Fr. Hugues,[9] Jacquier,[10] P. Ladeuze,[11] M. Lepin,[12] Fr. A. Durand,[13] J. H. A. Hart,[14] R. H. Strachan.[15] The first volume of M. Lepin's exhaustive work on this subject [16] has been noticed in a former number of this REVIEW (Jan., 1908, p. 88); but we may here draw attention to his article on the historicity of St. John's Gospel studied in the light of the narrative of the walking on the water.[17]

2. *Attack.* Thus far we have enumerated publications

[7] Le problème johannique; *Revue apol.*, 1907, June to Sept.

[8] *Revista de estudios franciscanos*, 1907, June, July, August, Sept.

[9] De l'auteur et de la vérité historique du quatrième évangile; *Ét. franciscaines*, 1907, July.

[10] Valeur historique du quatrième évangile; *Univ. cath.*, 1907, pp. 352-371, 494-517.

[11] L'origine du quatrième évangile à propos de M. Lepin; *Revue biblique*, N. S., IV, pp. 559-585.

[12] A propos de l'origine du quatrième évangile; *Revue biblique*, N. S., V., pp. 84-102.

[13] Le témoignage traditionel sur le caractère historique de l'évangile de St. Jean; Al-Masrik, X., pp. 1057-1066.

[14] A Plea for the Recognition of the Fourth Gospel as an Historical Authority; *Expositor*, 7th Ser., V., 361-379; VI., 42-59.

[15] The Personality of the Fourth Evangelist; *Expositor*, 7th Ser., V., 97-117.

[16] *L'Origine du quatrième évangile.* Paris, 1907: Letouzey.

[17] *Rev. prat. d'apol.*, 15 Dec., 1907.

which Professor Sanday would class under his general heading " Defence ". On the opposite side he mentions two English works and two German commentaries. These letters are Walter Bauer's new edition of H. J. Holtzmann's work,[18] in which the editor adheres to the principles of Holtzmann, but adds the literature of the last fifteen years; and W. Heitmüller's contribution to J. Weiss's new translation and explanation of the New Testament.[19] Though the object of this series be popular, its commentary on St. John is considered a " competent piece of work characteristic of the school from which it proceeds ". Of the English works mentioned by Professor Sanday one is Ernest F. Scott's *The Fourth Gospel: Its Purpose, and Theology,*[20] and the other Professor Burkitt's *Gospel History and its Transmission.*[21] Both writers are adverse on a point most important in the study of the Johannine problem, the historical value to be attached to the Fourth Gospel. Mr. Scott assumes the so-called results of modern criticism. If more conservative writers show in the Fourth Gospel the impression made by Jesus on the mind of the Beloved Disciple, Mr. Scott regards it as an expression of the significance which Christ and his Gospel had for a receptive writer of the second century. If the historicity of the Fourth Gospel were a matter of little or no importance, an impossible supposition in the present economy of Christianity, the reader of Mr. Scott's work might wonder whether a non-Apostolic authorship had not advantages compensating for the loss of the Beloved Disciple. At first sight, Professor Burkitt appears to be more advanced than Mr. Scott. But this impression may be owing to the more startling way in which the Professor states his conclusions before he sets forth the reasons on which they are based. Besides, his attitude

[18] *Evangelium, Briefe und Offenbarung des Johannes.* 3rd edit., Tübingen, 1908: Mohr.

[19] *Die Schriften des Neuen Testaments neu übersetzt und für die Gegenwart erklärt.* Göttingen, 1906: Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht.

[20] T. & T. Clark, 1906.

[21] T. & T. Clark, 1906.

is uncompromisingly adverse to the historicity of the Fourth Gospel. He is convinced that the narrative in Mark and the narrative in John cannot be made to agree, except on the supposition that one or the other is, as regards the objective facts, inaccurate and misleading.

Dr. Sanday places into an intermediate class, books like Dr. Edwin A. Abbott's *Johannine Vocabulary* [22] and *Johannine Grammar*,[23] both of which are works of enormous erudition and labor, but do not as such point to any particular conclusion on the Johannine problem; again, two papers contributed by Dr. Lock to *The Interpreter* (July, 1907) and the *Journal of Theological Studies* respectively (April, 1908); finally, Mr. H. L. Jackson's work entitled *The Fourth Gospel and Some Recent German Criticism* [24] is an accurate summary of what criticism, especially German criticism, has been saying about the Fourth Gospel all these critical and unsettling years, so that the balancing of arguments seems to be more important in the author's eyes than the final construction put upon them. Canon Sanday might have added to the attacking forces Soltau's study on the origin of the Fourth Gospel (*Theologische Studien und Kritiken*, 1908, pp. 177-202); for this writer considers the Gospel as a collection of anti-synoptic narratives, of Johannine legends, and of synoptic records. According to B. W. Bacon's article entitled "The Disciple whom Jesus Loved," [25] the redactor of Jn. 21, identifies John with the disciple whom Jesus loved, but this disciple is metamorphosed into an ideal figure owing to a consideration based on Jn. 13:1-30; 19:25-27; 20:1-31. An article entitled "The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel" [26] makes Lazarus the author, and John the editor and compiler of the Gospel. Another article by B. W. Bacon entitled "The

[22] London, 1905: Black.

[23] London, 1906: Black.

[24] Cambridge University Press, 1906.

[25] *Expositor*, 7th Series, IV., 324-339.

[26] London, 1908: Hart.

Defence of the Fourth Gospel "[27] defends the Fourth Gospel against the defenders of its authenticity, representing it as a mere expression of Paulinism against Docetic Gnosticism, with additional unhistorical memories from the beginning of Christianity. F. Palmer's study "The Christ of the Fourth Gospel"[28] investigates the difference between John and the Synoptists, and regards the Fourth Gospel as partly unhistorical. A number of other publications might have been added to this list, but they either deal with special questions, or are too unimportant to be mentioned.

II. The Personal Equation. Canon Sanday believes that he must make allowance in some of the works quoted on the negative side for "the personal equation". Thus Prof. Burkitt finds that the debates which Jesus had with the Jews, for instance in Jn. 8, are reproduced in an unsympathetic form. The Canon points out that the Professor has taken hold of the Gospel by the wrong end. The disciple of love, who was also the "son of thunder", must have been haunted for the rest of his life by the scene described in Mk. 15:29, and by the Crucifixion itself; the faces of those who wagged their heads and reviled their beloved Master must have come back to the disciple, whenever he thought of anything specially diabolical. This would fully explain the evangelist's want of sympathy with the Jews. In Mr. Scott's publication the personal equation proceeds from the author's Ritschlianism, modernism, and liberalism; hence he is always ready to find fault with the evangelist's metaphysics or "ecclesiasticism". Mr. Scott does not understand that the metaphysics of the evangelist's time furnished a means to bring home to the most educated and thoughtful of his contemporaries the teaching of the Christian faith; nor does he appreciate the evangelist's right to turn his gaze at times upon the society to which he belonged without keeping it constantly fixed upon the wide world. In Heitmüller's case the personal equation produces

[27] *The Hibbert Journal*, VI., 118-149.

[28] *The Hibbert Journal*, V., 606-623.

a still more drastic effect; it makes mountains out of molehills, and molehills out of mountains. For Heitmüller it is but a molehill that in Jn. 21:23, *e. g.*, the author testifies to his own death, that in the following verse (21:24) he acts again as a living person. Bauer does not seem to differ much from Heitmüller's type; he begins by saying that a writing could not well have a stronger self-authentication than is contained in Jn. 21:24, but he ends by saying that this very self-authentication becomes a self-contradiction and a ground of suspicion. "These are the sort of things," writes Professor Sanday, "that stick in my throat. It is not a question of orthodoxy or heterodoxy, but of the plainest common sense." The Professor has no patience with the writers whose personal equation allows them to explain away Jn. 21:24 so as to render its testimony worthless in deciding the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel. In his work "Fourth Gospel" (p. 81) he writes: "I hope that a time may come when it will be considered as wrong to libel the dead as it is to libel the living." In the article we are following in this paper the writer considers the possibility of pseudepigraphy, and he concludes: "A statement like this (Jn. 21:24), if not true, is deliberately false; and, if it is false, then I should say that the writer stamped himself as dishonest and insincere."

III. Allegory or History. Professor Sanday next inquires into the question whether a large part of the Fourth Gospel may be in the last resort allegory rather than history. Heitmüller, Loisy, Mr. Scott, Professor Burkitt maintain this view; Dr. Lock's two papers, which have been referred to above, render this view more plausible than anything else written on the subject. Still, there are a number of considerations which imply the historicity of the Fourth Gospel. Jn. 21:24 tells us that the author of the Gospel was an eye-witness and wrote as an eye-witness. Again, the idea of bearing witness is one of the leading ideas of the whole Gospel, as was pointed out years ago by Dr. Westcott. The witness is to the truth which the Gospel was written to prove, "that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." The Baptist bears wit-

ness; the Scriptures bear witness; Jesus himself bears witness, both by his works and his words; the Father in heaven bears witness. Can this array of testimony be anything but the testimony of fact to fact? What evidential value is there in allegory? Next, the object of the Fourth Gospel was anti-Docetic; the evangelist wrote to refute the notion that the Divine Being, who to all appearance walked the earth as man, was only a phantom and not real flesh and blood. But of what avail would a string of allegories be against such a view? Does the evangelist expect to drive out phantom by phantom? Besides, the opening words of 1 Jn. appeal to what the writer himself had seen and heard, to that which his own hands had handled. The writer leaves no room for any allegory. Finally, the Dean of Westminster, to whose book we have already referred, arrives at the verdict: "It is to my mind impossible to doubt that the evangelist of the Fourth Gospel intended the scenes which he described to be accepted as real occurrences; it is impossible to believe that he knew them all the while to be the outcome of his imagination." [29]

IV. The Fourth Gospel and the Divinity of Our Lord. The fourth evangelist does not regard the Divinity of Jesus as a mere hypothesis, but proves it as a thesis. This truth had been enounced before by St. Paul (I Cor. 1:30; II Cor. 5:19; 8:9; Phil. 2:7; Rom. 8:3), St. Matthew (Mt. 12:27), and St. Luke (Lk. 12:32); but the fourth evangelist insists on the Divinity of Christ to such an extent as to impart to his Gospel what the critics call its monotony. Any particular view we may hold concerning the origin of the Fourth Gospel will not change its contents, but it will affect its impressiveness and weight. It is rather an illogical tendency on the part of Modernism to couple the rejection of the Fourth Gospel with a waning of the belief in our Lord's Divinity; this phase of the problem probably springs from a reluctance to adhere to the express teaching of the Creed. Not that the patrons of the negative attitude in the Johannine problem openly deny our

[29] *Historical Character*, etc., p. 9.

Lord's Divinity; their language is as ambiguous as their frame of mind on this subject. St. Paul's phrase, "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself" expresses in Professor Sanday's opinion the attitude of German Protestants toward our Lord's Divinity most accurately.

V. The Old and the New. A problem we have to face in this connexion consists in finding the common term or rather the full dimensions of the common term between the ancient and the modern. The difference between these two extremes is greatest in regard to the Supernatural. It is a fact that extraordinary phenomena happened in connexion with the life of Christ and the ministry of the apostles. But in the end, it was the life and work of Christ which set this whole train in motion. The life and work of Christ were attended by miracles; they expressed themselves through miracles. For the early Church these events coupled with the testimony of Christ were sufficient proof that Christ is God, the Son of God. This is the ancient faith. But the modern world is so imbued with science and the scientific recognition of the laws of nature, that it feels itself challenged to incredulity and opposition by the extraordinary element in what has just been described. There is the problem of the supernatural person and of the supernatural work. As to the person, modern philosophy begins to recognize God as immanent in the world and in the heart of man. Hence, Professor Sanday believes, it becomes less difficult to conceive of a supreme manifestation of God in human form. The present writer doubts whether the negative critics of St. John's Gospel will be any way reconciled with the mystery of the Incarnation by the analogy of the philosophy of immanence. As to our Lord's supernatural works or His miracles, Professor Sanday himself acknowledges that there is still a great deal which we must be content not to know. In the mean time, the more extreme form of the modern scientific mind refuses to listen to historical evidence, and practically rejects it without examination, when it appears to testify in favor of the miraculous.

VI. Gospel and Creed. "What warrant have we for suppos-

ing that the Creeds express the substantial truth as to the Person of our Lord?" This is the last important question considered in Professor Sanday's article. In the first place, the Professor does not believe that our Lord *claimed* to be Divine, though He knew, at least from His baptism, and His disciples ended by knowing, that He was the Messias, the Son of Man, and the Son of God. Criticism is said to have made this point clearer and more certain.[30] In recent years it is especially our Lord's own favorite title "Son of Man" that has been the subject of controversy. The reader may consult Jean Derambure's article in the *Revue Augustinienne* (1909, March 15, pp. 319-340), or Dr. Driver's article "Son of Man" in Hastings *Dictionary,* or again Sanday's *Life of Christ in Recent Research* (1907); he will find in these studies the references to all other recent publications on the question that deserve any attention. Lietzmann and Wellhausen began by questioning the use of the title by our Lord; but it was found too deeply rooted in gospel tradition to be eliminated. Besides, it is found in such Apocalyptic writings as the Book of Enoch and the Fourth Book of Esdras. Dan. 7:13 is indeed the first known example in which the title occurs, but Gunkel in Hilgenfeld's *Zeitschrift* (1899) and Dr. Gressmann[31] insist that the passage in the Book of Daniel does not represent the first use of the phrase, and that all the other instances are "only fragments of a much richer and more comprehensive tradition". "Son of Man" is therefore a standing term in the Apocalyptic literature, and is an abbreviation for such longer phrases as "the first man", "the heavenly man", etc. According to this view the conception of the Messias and the conception of the Son of Man are independent of each other in their origin, and parallel in their development, though they may have coalesced before either conception was taken by our Lord to denote Himself.

[30] *Cf.* H. J. Holtzmann's *Das messianische Bewusstsein Jesu.* Tübingen, 1907.

[31] *Ursprung der israelitisch-jüdischen Eschatologie,* Göttingen, 1905.

What has been said intimates that the term "Son of Man" is eschatological; the terms Messias, and Kingdom of God, or of Heaven, are also eschatological, as were many other of our Lord's expressions. Does it follow that eschatology exhausts our Lord's language? His immediate audience, even His disciples to a certain degree, may have understood His words in their eschatological bearing; but they read at least into the terms Messias, Son of Man, Kingdom of God, a strongly supernatural meaning. Dr. Sanday believes that this suffices to absolutely assure the Divinity of our Lord. At the same time, he warns us against restricting the meaning of Christ's words to their eschatological bearing. Our Lord usually recasts the Jewish ideas He took up in the form of His own; the same must be said about the part of His language which was eschatological in origin. For instance, the term Son of Man had in our Lord's language a meaning far more subtle and comprehensive than ever occurred to the writer of the Book of Enoch or of the Fourth Book of Esdras. It embraced all that had been in the mind of Daniel and the Psalmist, and all that had been added by the light our Lord Himself had concerning His Person and His mission. Professor Sanday is still far removed from the Catholic teaching concerning the person of our Lord and His work; but He stands far higher than the Rev. R. Roberts [32] and the Rev. J. H. Weatherall.[33] Both writers frankly cast away Christ and all that belongs to the name. Jesus they know, and God they know, but Christ who is compounded of both is to them a language which stultifies itself.[34]

[32] Jesus or Christ? *Hibbert Journal,* Jan., 1909.

[33] Review of the Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels, *Hibbert Journal,* Jan., 1909.

[34] *Cf. Expository Times,* Febr., 1909.

Criticisms and Notes.

A CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES. By George Aaron Barton, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908. Pp. xiv-212. (The International Critical Commentary.)

It is to be expected that books written thousands of years ago should present difficulties to modern readers living in very different circumstances. But there is scarcely, among all the ancient books of our Bible, one that has puzzled its readers and interpreters so much as the fascinatingly perplexing Book of Ecclesiastes or *Qoheleth*. G. A. Barton, professor of Biblical literature and Semitic languages at Bryn Mawr College, has taken up anew the problems with which the ancient Hebrew thinker deals, and following closely his train of reasoning and the logical sequence of his discussion, has endeavored to set forth the true conclusions which the sacred author draws from his study of human life and his sharp-eyed scrutiny of the surrounding world. However, readers of the commentary who expect to find in Dr. Barton an advocate of new and startling theories will be disappointed. He states himself that "there has been something too much of these things in the recent literature on Qoheleth" (p. 1). In his opinion there is little opportunity for fresh discovery in treating a work which has been studied so many centuries. He gives us what he calls "a plain commentary." In the Introduction, which covers sixty-five pages, the author examines briefly the most important theories, both ancient and modern, concerning the literary composition and religious teaching of the book; and in determining his own judgment he is guided by the evidence which appeals to him. "Occasionally the writer has found himself differing from all his predecessors, but much more often the evidence has pointed to a conclusion already anticipated by some previous worker" (p. 1).

Barton's scholarship reveals itself especially in his exegetical, literary, and critical notes. They assign to the volume at once a worthy place among the works that have preceded in the

International Critical Commentary. Nevertheless, for readers of the ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW and theologians at large, the Introduction, which is a remarkable piece of work, is likely to prove of special interest, most of all in what constitutes the author's outline of "Qoheleth's Thought" (pp. 46-50).

According to Dr. Barton the doctrine of the ancient Hebrew thinker does not support the assumption that the book is part of the inspired canon. Its rather pessimistic tendency is evidence, he thinks, of a cool-headed examination of human life and of a world in which disappointment is the rule, and death is the one end which confronts all alike. Qoheleth does not deny the existence of God, but to him God is merely a stern, powerful Being, who keeps puny man in the unyielding meshes of fate. The world is ruled by immutable mechanical laws. The history of the world is an endless and meaningless repetition of the same weary process. Man is perfectly helpless in the grip of those laws which God has established. Men are like beasts. The fact that both experience the same death and return to the same dust confirms this. Several times, we are told, the author reiterates his conviction that the results of righteousness and godlessness are the same. After all, however vain and transient human life may be, the best a man can do is to eat and drink and ignorantly get what little enjoyment he can within these limitations. Let the young man, therefore, make the most of his youth. The inevitable decay of the body will come with advancing age and the cheerlessness of Sheol will terminate all. The best our author can say of Qoheleth's teaching is that "his philosophy of life, though hopeless, is not immoral. He nowhere counsels debauchery or sensuality; he rather shows that in these [also] there is no permanent enjoyment." God is for him no longer a warm personality or a being intimately interested in human welfare. God, to Qoheleth, is an inscrutable Being. It is vain to seek to understand His works. All we know is that He holds man in the iron vice of fate. Nevertheless he advises man to obey the laws of God and not to indulge in the satisfaction of his passions. But the counsel that he insists upon most is that the best one can do is to make the most of the present. He realizes perfectly that the conclusions which he has reached do not agree with the religious convictions of his more pious contemporaries. But

"he has stated his conclusions frankly, undeterred by any sentimental reason."

Such are, in Professor Barton's expository analysis, "Qoheleth's Thoughts."

As regards the date of the book, the writer briefly reminds us of the fact that the Solomonic authorship has been given up by, we may say, all modern critics. To hold that the Biblical author pretends to be himself Solomon is to misinterpret him. Contemporary readers cannot possibly have misunderstood Qoheleth when, in a literary figure, he introduced the great king who in Hebrew tradition was the personification of Wisdom. The impossibility of considering Solomon to be really the author has been made so clear by Father Zapletal, O.P., and others, that Barton confines himself to a few lines in proving it once more. Recent interpreters are divided only on the question as to whether Ecclesiastes wrote in the Persian or in the Greek period. Prof. Barton, after reviewing the arguments on both sides holds it to be "probable that Qoheleth did not finish his book until after the conquest of Antiochus III, about 198 B. C." (p. 62). Father Zapletal, as we know, places the book "a short time before 200 B. C."

Dr. Barton reminds us that in the early part of the book the Biblical author impersonates Solomon. The fact that in later days "this was taken literally by the unimaginative," is, in Barton's eyes, a sufficient explanation of the difficulty. He does not make any further comment. Yet it would have been interesting if he could have demonstrated how the pious and faithful Jews were made to believe that such a book as Ecclesiastes is here supposed to be, was written by their great king, the divinely-gifted Solomon. We should think that the contents of the book, apparently so diametrically opposed to the most fundamental teachings of Hebrew religion, would have prevented them from misunderstanding the author's impersonation of Solomon; the fictitious, though perfectly legitimate character of which, as we have said before, must have been evident to his contemporaries. If we assume that even before Ecclesiastes was recognized as sacred literature, the Jews had forgotten the late origin of the book and misunderstood the literary character of those passages in which the author impersonates Solomon, the difficulty merely returns in a different shape. We cannot see how the contents,

if Barton has interpreted them rightly, did not prevent the Jews from attributing the work to Solomon. At any rate the fact that they adopted Ecclesiastes among their canonical books implies that they understood its teaching in a sense entirely different from that which Dr. Barton attributes to it in his commentary. Indeed our author himself admits that Ben Sira, the author of Ecclesiasticus, who wrote shortly after Qoheleth, did not disapprove of the religious teaching of our book, and hence could not have found in its doctrine the anti-Jewish bias which Dr. Barton has discovered in it.

As regards the real teaching of the ancient Hebrew writer, we have no hesitation in admitting that there is an immense gulf between his religious opinions and the later teaching of Christianity. St. Thomas and the Fathers pointed out long ago that the Old Testament religion reveals a process of gradual development. Modern theologians, who study the question concerning the divine authorship of Holy Scripture rather *in abstracto*, apparently lose sight of this fact, which in the light of recent historic studies becomes perfectly plain. However, according to Dr. Barton Qoheleth teaches not only imperfect but erroneous doctrines, an assumption which is inadmissible for those who would maintain the inspired character of the book in a sense more strict than that of the inspiration of a poet, or even of a saintly missionary and preacher. Most Protestant scholars, we know, have given up the idea of the inerrancy of Holy Scripture. Catholics still hold to it. Catholic faith, rightly understood and interpreted, does not conflict with the positive and ascertained facts of Scripture.

But apart from this theological difficulty, which Catholics will not hesitate to declare decisive, there appears in Dr. Barton's interpretation of the teaching which he attributes to Qoheleth a glaring contradiction between the deep conviction, so frequently insisted on, in the text, namely that man is ruled by mere fate, so "that the results of righteousness and godlessness are the same," and his "sincere religion" coupled with the repeated advice that the reader should strictly obey the laws of God and faithfully perform all our covenants with the Lord of heaven and earth. If Professor Barton were to admit that Qoheleth—instead of believing merely in an inscrutable Being, which "holds man in the iron vise of fate"—had kept

indeed his faith in the God of his forefathers and of his contemporaries, there would be no difficulty in solving the seemingly contradictory position arising from a comparison of the explicit and unmistakable teachings of the book with the writer's earnest urging of the truth of the stern and positive facts indicating conclusions directly opposed to those very teachings.

Dr. Barton, otherwise, might have said with Professor Driver, that "the contradictions in this book spring out of the conflict between his faith and his experience—his faith that the world is ordered by God and his experience that events often do not fall out as he would have expected God to order them" (Introduction, p. 473). With this interpretation of the author's conception of God, there is even no room for explaining Qoheleth's advice to enjoy the pleasures of life in this sense, which it certainly has, that man has to enjoy those pleasures, not only not in excess and in a wise and well-considered moderation, but also "*as a gift intended by God to be enjoyed.*"[1]

This one argument makes Dr. Barton's interpretation unacceptable to our mind, and we are forced, it seems to us, to look in an entirely different direction for the solution of the problem offered to us by Qoheleth; and we strongly incline toward the view of Father Zapletal who discards the idea of the book being anything like an intended public confession of King Solomon, and whose commentary on Ecclesiastes has hardly received the consideration among American scholars which it certainly deserves.

Probably the solution of the above-mentioned problem lies in attaching greater weight than has commonly been allowed by modern commentators to those portions of the work which they regard as mere glosses or interpolations of later editors but which form in reality the chief body of its teaching. It is our opinion that Qoheleth occasionally *quotes* theories which in his day began to find credit among the people of his city—most probably Jerusalem. In part those theories were spread already in the written form, not of a large book, we think, but of separate songs put forth under the form of popular poems; or perhaps also of small philosophical and more scientific tracts, filled with scepticism and attacks upon the old religion of Israel.

[1] Driver, l. c., p. 470.

As we said a moment ago, the author's own and personal teaching shows abundantly that he still looks upon this world from a standpoint absolutely and radically different from that upon which Christ has placed humanity, when He taught us to despise the pleasures of this earth in view of the eternal blessings of the just in the life hereafter, and of that dreadful danger of eternal punishments to which those who indulge in earthly pleasures frequently expose themselves. In pondering over the theories that began to find credit among the people, especially among the class of thinkers and quasi-philosophers, he has come to the conclusion that indeed there is no way to answer the objections raised against the ancient Hebrew belief that in this world God always blesses the just and punishes the sinners. He has reached the conviction and insists upon it—while he addresses his still more conservative contemporaries — that indeed this belief of their Hebrew forefathers had to be given up. But at the same time he insists very, very much—and it is especially for the purpose of giving this advice and justifying it, as far as he can, that he writes this book—that the people should cling to the strict observance of the laws of God. In other words, although no one can answer the difficulties, he says, with which the stern and positive facts in this great and apparently mechanical world confront the intellect of puny and insignificant man—although, we would say now, God at that time had not revealed that in eternity all the just will be rewarded and all sinners will be punished—yet the Jews must not give up their belief in God or follow the example of those who seem no longer to see a sufficient reason to restrain their passions and who therefore indulge in debauchery. No doubt, he advises the Jews to enjoy the things of this world. From his standpoint, with his knowledge of Sheol, he could not possibly do otherwise. Even from a Christian standpoint there is nothing wrong in enjoying the good things that God has given us: and perhaps sometimes later theologians threw their lights too exclusively upon the ascetical and, if you like, monastic side of Christianity. But Qoheleth, who, as a good Jew, believes in enjoying life, however transient and vain it may be, repeats and insists that, notwithstanding the insuperable intellectual difficulties which at that time began to be urged against the old Hebrew belief in a reward in this world of the just, accom-

panied by the punishment of all those who broke the Ten Commandments or even the precepts of their ritual—and the author most deliberately and openly separates himself from the conservative party of his day by laying stress upon and bringing out as forcibly as possible the unanswerable character of those difficulties; which indeed from their standpoint could not possibly be solved—the Jews must needs continue to fulfil their religious duties and live according to the requirements of the Divine Law. This counsel, which is the final conclusion of his book and his principal purpose in writing it, is shown by the author to be perfectly justified, even from the standpoint which he feels compelled to occupy and in face of all the facts which he reviewed before the eyes of his more conservative contemporaries. Notwithstanding the puzzling character of the seemingly mechanical laws of the Universe; notwithstanding, as a matter of fact, that the pious frequently are seen to suffer, while the wicked prosper; notwithstanding all the stern and positive facts which in his eyes make this world a riddle—nevertheless a close observation of the many different ways in which men attempt to reach true happiness, reveals, and places beyond all doubt, that on this earth there is no true happiness or satisfaction to be found by those who do not fulfil their religious duties but trespass the laws of God. Thus we find in Qoheleth's profession of faith something of an involved argument of the famous *Credo quia absurdum.* His book belongs to that period of transition in the history of the Hebrew religion when the Jews began to realize that their religious doctrine concerning the reward of all good and evil was indeed beset and enclosed on all sides with insurmountable difficulties—as long as they looked for their reward only in this earthly life.

It would be impossible to go into a critical analysis to justify our view in this place without writing another commentary. In our opinion, Lowth was right when he said "that the greater part of the book was written in prose, but that it contains many scraps of poetry, introduced as occasion served.[2] According to Paul Haupt there is an older work, which forms as it were the background of our canonical book, and which was written by a Sadducean "pessimist," a physician at Jerusalem, whose

[2] *Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews.* Lect. XXIV.

teaching was however somewhat mitigated by his less radical and more prudent friends before the work was published. If this hypothesis could be sufficiently established, we might admit that there are Hebrew writers who took exception to this work of the sceptical Jerusalem physician, and whose books we still read in the Bible. One would be the author of the book of *Wisdom*, who clearly intends to attack and refute certain theories which, indeed, in Ecclesiastes are given in a form so nearly identical that it seems impossible to deny a literary relationship. (Whoever compares the two columns drawn up, e. g. by Barton, pp. 57-58 and looks up the passages in Ecclesiastes running parallel with Wisdom 2: 1-9, will hardly escape this conclusion.) The other author, in this hypothesis, would be the writer and publisher of the book of Ecclesiastes itself.

Professor Haupt, of course, studies Ecclesiastes rather from the literary standpoint. For him the changes introduced in the original work by the later orthodox editor are of little or no interest. Those "interpolations" are merely "orthodox glosses," which have to be thrown out in a critical edition of the original work of the Jerusalem physician, whom Haupt insists on identifying with Qoheleth, the author of our practically new canonical book. Zapletal, on the contrary, who studies Ecclesiastes from a theological viewpoint, rightly considers such "editorial changes" to be of paramount importance. It is, indeed, precisely in those parts of Ecclesiastes that we find after all the personal teaching of the author whom we Christians believe to have been inspired.

It may be doubted, however, whether in reality there ever existed such a book as Haupt attributes to his Sadducean physician in Jerusalem. Fascinating as this theory is, it will hardly ever find many adherents. The rearrangement of the one hundred and twenty-four verses—which, of the two hundred and twenty-two verses of Ecclesiastes, are considered to belong to the original work—is such that practically Haupt himself has rewritten the book. We know that editors in olden times took great liberties with their texts. But Haupt has to transpose and to rejoin so many verses that the so-called primitive book which he publishes remains in our eyes the work of a brilliant modern Baltimore professor and not of a sceptical ancient Jerusalem physician.

We do believe, on the other hand, that in his interpretation of Ecclesiastes there is this much true that, at the time when the Biblical book was written, there were spread among the people in Jerusalem such sceptical theories as find expression in Qoheleth, not only in oral gossip, but also in written form. This we conclude, not merely from a critical examination of the literary character and composition of Ecclesiastes but also from the identity of the passages found in both Ecclesiastes and in Wisdom. The author of the book of Wisdom did not attack our canonical book of Ecclesiastes, in which he will have seen no more harm than Ben Sira—if indeed Ecclesiastes lived before the author of Ecclesiasticus—but he is acquainted with one or more of the same rationalistic writings that were spread among the Jewish people and are either copied or at least made use of in the book of Ecclesiastes. It is our opinion that Father Zapletal has succeeded in pointing out certain passages in Qoheleth, which in reality are quotations from those partly written, partly oral sources, the nature of which we described above. It is along this way, opened by Father Zapletal, we trust, that scholars finally will reach the complete solution of this great literary problem.

It is unnecessary to touch the question as to whether the quoted passages to which we have referred in Ecclesiastes are given in the same literary, that is to say a metrical form in which they were found on chips or fragments or, perhaps, somewhat larger publications of contemporary, popular, sceptical literature. In our hypothesis it is possible and even most likely that the author, while discussing the theories that began to spread among his contemporaries—and in which he separated the truth that he himself admitted from the false conclusions of the sceptics and unbelievers—drew his description of those theories not only from the contemporary written and popular literature, but also from the oral gossip and the conversations which he frequently must have heard in the city of Jerusalem. This would explain why some of the passages in question, especially the larger ones, seem to be in metrical form, while other shorter remarks in the same sense have the form of prose.

No doubt, scholars will meet with difficulties in drawing the line between the Qoheleth's teachings and the theories which he quotes as mere opinions without apparently wishing to im-

part them to the readers as his doctrine—e. g. concerning the reward of the just and the punishment of the sinners. In this sense our Biblical book offers a good illustration of the futility of leaving the faithful to their own private judgment in interpreting and assimilating the teachings of Holy Scripture.

HENRY A. POELS.

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DIE ETHIK DES HL. AUGUSTINUS. Von Jos. Mausbach. B. Herder: St. Louis. 1909; 2 vols., pp. xi, 442; vii. 402.

The supreme motives of morality have hardly been less debated than the ultimate foundations of certitude. That which is independently of his activity, does not concern man in the same way as that which is to be by his own personal efforts. Moral questions appeal stronger to men than mere speculations on the reality of things. Things will be granted, explicitly, tacitly, or indifferently, when obligations are disputed with all the vehemence of a question of personal interest. Ever since Kant, reality has been made subordinate to morality. Such too is the tendency of the Neo-Kantian school of France and of Balfour, Mallock and James's Pragmatism. However, this very fact shows the vital interest attaching to moral questions. Thus the basis of morality is volatilized and the ethical world becomes a castle of the air and a dream of dreams. And what a confusion and disorientation with regard to ethical problems do we find nowadays!

So we think Mausbach has done a timely work in unearthing the moral system of St. Augustine. We say unearthing, because there is no work extant covering the same subject *ex professo* and *in extenso*. Nor is it an easy task to gather the numerous utterances bearing on the subject and dispersed throughout ponderous tomes, and to shape them into a system. In the case of St. Augustine this moreover presents a peculiar difficulty of its own. He was not an abstract writer. What he wrote was called for by the urgent needs of his time and is of a controversial nature. His statement of a truth is never absolute, but always with a view to some controverted point of doctrine. He has therefore been frequently misunderstood and misinterpreted. It requires a careful and judicial study to

place St. Augustine's assertions in the proper light and to balance his pointed antitheses. No one treatise taken alone and exclusively gives an adequate idea of his view on any subject. Mausbach has succeeded well in rendering St. Augustine's thought. He was not biased, did not start out to prove a thesis, discounted the proximate purport of every statement and its evident exaggeration in that direction and makes allowance for the peculiarities of St. Augustine's style. He is very happy in reconciling extreme theories and even what seem at first direct contradictions. But this is only possible to one who has acquired a broad and profound familiarity with all the works of the great Father of the Church and who has delved into them patiently, and, I might say, lovingly time and again.

The writings of the great Bishop of Hippo have always fascinated men. There is such a ring of sincerity, such an honesty of purpose, such an ingenuity of statement, such a boldness of expression, such an elevated tone of morality and such an unsophisticated enthusiasm in all that he says. And then he throws his whole powerful personality, his vast experience, his entire soul into every word that comes from his burning pen. We hear him breathe when we read his sentences instinct with life. He is the man that has something to say on ethical problems. He has lived them. He has succumbed, risen, struggled, persevered, conquered.

The scope of our book is very comprehensive. It embraces a complete system of moral philosophy. Besides it contains many interesting items of information not to be found in the ordinary textbook of our discipline. Yet it cannot nor is it intended to supersede the textbook, for the simple reason that it presupposes an elementary conception of Ethics and some notions of Theology. But it will serve admirably as an aid to recapitulate one's ethical studies and to gain a more profound and detailed knowledge. We do not like to return to our schoolbooks. They gather dust on our shelves. They inspire us with a mild horror. In these two volumes we find much useful knowledge that is forever locked up and cornered in our old textbooks, but in a more attractive form, with pleasing freshness of treatment and greater breadth of comprehension.

It will be well to enumerate some, not all, chapters; because this gives the best idea of the nature of the book and its con-

tents. The introduction treats of the times and the personality of St. Augustine and his influence upon the development of Christian thought and dogma. This is a very readable essay. In spite of its brevity it does full justice to the paramount importance of St. Augustine, whose influence upon his own century and the subsequent ages cannot easily be overstated. Even in the speculations of St. Thomas a strong undercurrent of Augustinian thought may be traced. And reading the incomparable *Summa* we notice over and over again the profound respect of the Prince of the Scholastics for the Prince of the Fathers. Mausbach rectifies some misconceptions and misconstructions of St. Augustine's position by non-Catholic authors, such as Loofs, Feuerlein, Harnack; though all in all Harnack's estimate of the great Father is generally fair and sympathetic.

The following chapters treat of Beatitude, as the end and perfection of human life; the Moral Order; God and the World; the Love of God, the Mainspring of Morality; the Love of the World as the source and essence of Sin; Material Civilization and the Service of God; Contemplation and Work; Religious Renunciation of the World, Asceticism, the Ideal of Perfection and the Evangelical Counsels.

The second volume deals with matters more of a theological than of a philosophical character. We call attention to some of the principal headings: The moral equipment of Man; Pelagianism; Human nature infected by Original Sin; the Restoration of fallen Nature by Grace; Liberty and Concupiscence; Morality outside of Christianity; the Virtues of the Pagans; Salvation outside of the Church; the Necessity of the Sacraments; Justification; the Progress of Spiritual Life; the Consummation. We note the timeliness of some of these topics and marvel that the saintly Doctor has so well anticipated the needs of the present age. Many other questions, curious and interesting, over and above the ones mentioned are touched in these pages and handled in St. Augustine's masterly way.

The Moral Philosophy of St. Augustine is emphatically theocentric. The heart of morality and the root of virtue for him is the love of God. Anything short of this in his eyes is only the semblance and the shadow of virtue. He scorns all forms of autonomy. As man cannot be his own perfection and beatitude, neither can he be his own law. The supreme end of

morality must be some absolute good, which gives perfection and complete happiness. But this condition is only realized in God.

St. Augustine does not separate our happiness from our perfection. On the contrary it is from this perfection as the complete harmony of our nature that happiness must necessarily spring. Only the good can be happy, since they only live according to their nature, and especially according to their better nature. And the good must be happy. For a morality that has nothing to do with our perfection or that ignores our happiness will ever be indifferent to us. Nevertheless, this desire for happiness inborn in the very heart of man is not epicurean nor egotistical. For it is not a craving for sensual gratification, but implicitly a wish for the harmonious development of our whole nature. This fact purifies it of all grosser features and redeems it of the taint of hedonism. It is not egotistical, because it subordinates itself to the objective order. It is the order of things, particularly the moral order, that secures happiness for the individual. And this happiness exists for the sake of the moral order, but not for the sake of the individual.

The moral good is not to be accomplished or to be produced by man. It exists. It is God. But man can partake of it by conforming his will to that of God, who alone is good by Himself. The majesty of God overshadows the moral order and gives it its absolute value and its unrestricted binding force. It is interpreted by the dictates of conscience which intimates the will of God. Hence it is called the voice of God.

Sin disturbs the moral order. There is in it a negative element in as far as it is bad and contradictory to the intended order; but there is in it also something positive inasmuch as it embodies some real activity, which must be prompted by some apparent good. Sin punishes itself, it leaves a void, because it is negative and offers only a partial and unreal satisfaction. The moral order balances itself and eliminates all disturbing elements which exclude man at once from his natural perfection and his consequent happiness.

From St. Augustine we have that pithy and terse expression: *Dilige et fac quod vis.* This word contains *in nuce* the whole philosophy of the African Doctor. It is also the crystallization of his very being and the key to his life. He was a whole-

souled man and his whole soul was in every one of his acts. Neither did he expect anything less from another. Love, but see that you love the right thing. You cannot love God or the absolute good in an improper way. Secondary goods, whether they be persons or things, must be loved with reference and in subordination to the sovereign good. The master-passion of our will is love. It carries the whole will. It reaches its profoundest depths and its innermost recesses. It directs and determines all its movements. Love is in everything we do. If our love is bad, our will is wicked; if our love is good, our will is good. So St. Augustine claims that at the root and bottom of all our virtues must be the love of God. He centralizes the virtues, but he does not efface their distinctive characters. If the love of God is the marrow of all virtues, the love of the world is the source and the soul of all sins. God and the World are opposite poles. They cannot be embraced in the same act of love. Whatever implicates man in the world, in the same corresponding measure and degree alienates his affections from God. On this head the teaching of the Saint is undoubtedly rigoristic. Mausbach adduces some qualifying passages; but this austere, uncompromising attitude fully tallies with St. Augustine's unflinching character.

The desire for happiness, as sanctioned by the moral order, is not anti-social. First because the moral order benefits our fellowmen and guarantees also their welfare. Second because that happiness is not wrapped up in goods which can be individually possessed and which create division or envy. On the contrary the common possession of the supreme good has a unifying influence. It produces mutual love and sympathy. Therefore we call heaven the Kingdom of God, insinuating the social character of eternal happiness.

Though St. Augustine accentuates and emphasizes the love of God and His direct service, he does not discredit or discountenance earthly avocations and occupations. Yet they have in his estimation only a very inferior importance.

The foregoing may suggest the rich store of valuable information contained in these two volumes. The style of Mausbach has nothing cumbersome about it. It runs smoothly and reads agreeably. And the author has made a thorough and reliable study of his subject. Numerous well-selected quotations

are interspersed throughout the context. The book is timely and of the highest actual interest. It will prove useful to the philosopher, the theologian, the ascetic, and very helpful to the preacher. Its exterior make-up is all that can be desired.

C. BRUEHL.

THE LOUVAIN AMERICAN COLLEGE: 1857-1907. By the Rev. J. Van der Heyden. Louvain: Printed by Fr. and R. Ceuterick. 1909. Pp. x-412.

It would be out of place to make comparisons of merit when referring to the labors of the pioneers in ecclesiastical education during the missionary period of Catholic history in the United States. Yet it is an ascertained fact that the strongest support in this direction has come to us from Belgium, and, if we consider the last fifty years, we may say particularly from the American College in Louvain. This does not necessarily imply, it is true, that the remarkable men who did great work in the American Church by reason of their special training of mind and heart, their power of endurance, their zeal and genial priestly temper, have all or in greater number been Belgians. But it would be difficult to enumerate the names of those who deserve a place in the "Hall of Fame" for religious propaganda of the best kind, without tracing in the list the influence, predominantly, of the Belgian priesthood, and Belgian education, funds, and prestige. One need but read this history of the American College to realize the fact, although it looms up in the history of our early missions, notably among the Jesuits and in the episcopate. There is a *quality* in the Belgian priesthood, a fitness for missionary work, a spirit of sacrifice, which are rarely found in the same combination and fulness among other nationalities, and the American College has preserved the secret of imparting something of that spirit to the alumni whom it has trained during a half century, whether they were Irish, Anglo-Saxon, or German. It doing this, Catholic Belgium is paying back "a sacred debt," as Monsignor De Becker points out in his admirable introduction to the volume before us, "still unpaid to those races, for it was their Apostles who had first preached the Gospel to her forefathers." The most difficult posts, even to this day, whether it be in the solitary stations among the Indians of Washington State or in Vancouver Island,

or in the responsible positions of dioceses where labor is hard and emoluments are small, and honors scant, are manned by priests who bear the hallmark of Louvain in their breast.

When therefore some years ago the idea of an *American College Bulletin* was broached and promptly carried into action, we felt that the enterprise would be fraught with blessing; and although neither a Belgian nor an alumnus of the American College, it commanded our interest on purely Catholic and sacerdotal grounds. Few priests could have been found better qualified for the task of making readable and attractive the records of the College than the Rev. Joseph Van der Heyden, whose experience in the mission field of Idaho has given to his naturally fine intellect that practical turn of thought and style which readers of such history appreciate all the more because they feel assured that what they read is fact and not fancy, nor the incense of adulation which frequently mars local and biographical sketches of this kind. For nearly eight years the author has been busy in carefully searching for documents that would serve to authenticate the historical records in possession of the College. These were chiefly the archives left by the Venerable Monsignor De Nève. Through the publication of these records in the *College Bulletin* the author was enabled to correct errors and obtain supplementary information from the widely-scattered alumni of the institution who, despite their distance from one other, appear to be held together by an excellent *esprit de corps*. In the archives Father Van der Heyden discovered certain notes touching the earliest period of the College history. Their writer was not known at first, but as our author proceeded in his searches through the accumulated correspondence, and made himself familiar with the various handwritings, it became evident, beyond a doubt, that the modest author of the valuable notes was the Very Rev. David Russell of Kentucky, the first American-born student to be inscribed on the College roll. Father Russell had been vice-rector and professor of English from 1862-1864, and during that period had apparently found time to preserve the records of the history of the College during the first five years, the loss of which would have left a perfect blank regarding the beginnings, because the earliest workers had thougnt only of doing things without taking the trouble of handing down their memory to posterity.

It is, of course, beyond our scope to enter here into the details of the interesting story which forms the theme of Father Van der Heyden's volume. The three hundred and fifty pages which deal with the foundation, growth, and present development of the institution, afford a lesson not only in the spirit and zeal for promoting the excellence of ecclesiastical seminary training, but in methods and management as well. Each of the successive rectors of the institution has added in some marked way to the prestige and efficiency of the College. And this has been done in a spirit at once so generous and with such economical foresight that one is compelled to admire the sagacity of the men who have brought about the present status of the seminary without having sacrificed any of those high prerogatives of spiritual advance and educational thoroughness which are sometimes sacrificed in ecclesiastical establishments for the sake of material success and students' comforts.

The spirit of the American College of Louvain has been eminently an ecclesiastical spirit in which priestly decorum, love of study, high standards of pastoral duty, loyalty to the Church, and a cordial attachment to Alma Mater are combined. Nowhere does there dwell a more hospitable genius than in the College home in the Rue de Namur, where priest and student, young or old, are always received with the genuine welcome which marks the paternal voice. So it was in Monsignor Willemsen's time; so it is to-day. As for intellectual work, the students have every opportunity to spur their emulating sense by reason of the College's affiliation with the old University and its close relations to the philosophical school of the Collège Léon. Its libraries and study halls have been largely increased of late. In every sense the American College of Louvain is an institution of which American Catholics may be proud, and to aid its progress, particularly under the efficient and wise management of its present rector and seminary staff, by moral and financial support is a safely meritorious investment.

Of the volume which outlines the historical foundations on which the present organization rests, we may say that, besides making good use of the available material in the way of records and reminiscences which may be of value to future historians, the author has given us an attractive collection of pastoral incidents in American missionary life. These are calculated to

kindle our enthusiasm for the noble work to which our priestly lives are dedicated. The language in which the story is couched, as well as the bookmaking and illustrations, are of superior merit, and the book must be taken as a valuable addition to the biographical, historical, and missionary literature of America. We understand that copies can be obtained only through the officials of the American College, Rue de Namur, Louvain, Belgium.

THE FAITH AND WORKS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By the Writer of "Confessio Medici." New York, London, Melbourne: The Macmillan Co. 1909. Pp. 232.

Those whose business it may be—to few it can be a pleasure—to study the widespread phase of mental aberration known as Christian Science, will do well by beginning with Mr. Powell's work on the subject.[1] They will find therein a comprehensive exposition and judicious criticism, and probably the fullest pertinent bibliography up to date (1907). Had the book at present under notice appeared prior to that date, Mr. Powell would doubtless have placed it on his list, because of the critical examination and special contribution which the author's profession as a physician enables him to add to the study, and also because of the genial temper in which the subject is conceived and the attractive style in which it is presented. The professionally medical elements of the work consist in the study of "cases" claimed to have been treated by "the healers." The physician's critical judgment has here an authoritative value. Add to this relationship the fact that the author is a man of penetration and of wide culture—mental qualities which are safeguarded by a sense of justice and restraint—and the reader is assured that he is following a competent and a prudent guide—a guide, it may be added, whom he should like to have known by a name less cryptic than that which is offered by the title-page.

The prophets are not agreed as to the future of Christian Science. Mark Twain in his book on the subject—a book which loses little in strength by its being adequately funny—considers it "a safe guess that in America in 1920 there will be ten mil-

[1] New York: Putnam.

lion Christian Scientists and three millions in Great Britain, that these figures will be trebled in 1930; that in America in 1920 the Christian Scientists will be a political force, in 1930 politically formidable, and in 1940 the governing power in the Republic—to remain permanently" (p. 70, N. Y., 1907). The prognosis is obviously based on "inflated statistics," as indeed Mr. Clemens at the time admitted, though he still thinks "the calculation not far out" (ib.). The author of *Faith and Works,* on the other hand, thinks "that in America the Christian Science organization is disintegrating. By the death of its Foundress, who is now eighty-seven years old, it will begin to be divided against itself" (p. vii); while in England (London) he believes that in a quarter of a century hence "Christian Science will have no place or next to none: that her churches will be given to the nobler purposes of music, with lectures twice a week on Mental Hygiene: that her name will be written, her story told, not in lives, but in books of reference thus: *Christian Science (See Science, Christian.)*" (p. 225). *Fiat! fiat!*

COURS D'INSTRUCTION RELIGIEUSE. La Religion et les Religions. Par J. C. Broussolle. Vol. I, pp. xxii-209; Vol. II, pp. 383. Paris: P. Téqui. 1909.

The two volumes here introduced constitute the second stage of a complete course of religious instruction the first part of which—*La Vie surnaturelle*—was previously described in these pages. The program is most comprehensive and thoroughly executed. The matter of the first volume comprises "Religion in General"—the explication of the definition that religion is "a spiritual, necessary, supernatural bond between man and God—a complex bond embracing doctrine, morals, and worship" (pp. 1-82), and "Revealed Religion" in particular. Here the main familiar lines of the theological tract *De Vera Religione* are followed.

The second volume, after an introductory chapter on the "History of Religions," contains a series of eight lectures dealing respectively with the Egyptian, Semitic, Graeco-Roman, Chinese, Persian, Hindu, Buddhistic, and Mohammedan cults. The concluding lecture offers a survey of the religious beliefs and practices prevailing amongst savage races. Looking over the ground

thus covered, the reader may inquire—*cui bono*? Surely such a program is impracticable both as to subject and range? Truly so indeed, if it were meant for young children. For somewhat mature youth, however, and for adults, it supplies a course of religious teaching as thorough and solid as it is timely and attractive. On the other hand, it must be admitted that nothing saves such a course from being impracticable except the method in which it is here carried out. That method is ideally perfect. The matter is divided into "lessons." There are twenty of these in the two volumes. Each lesson begins with "a summary" in which the respective doctrine is explicitly and distinctly stated, the leading ideas being made to stand out in bold type. This is followed by "notes and explanations" in which the several parts of the summary are developed and luminously illustrated. The concluding portion of the lesson furnishes supplementary readings drawn from standard authors. This efficient didactic mechanism—or rather organism, for it is rationally vital—brings the matter, which seems to be and indeed largely is technically theological, within the compass of the average fairly educated mind. The work will serve the priest both personally and officially, offering him as it does a handy medium for reviving and quickening his theological culture and at the same time furnishing him with an abundance of prepared matter for instructing others—especially for perfecting the teachers of Christian doctrine in his schools.

THOUGHTS OF THE HEART. By P. M. Northcote, O.S.M. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1908. Pp. viii-288.

The number of books of this kind is growing within the Church—there are many more without. *Aphorisms and Reflections* (Spalding), *Nova et Vetera* (Tyrrell), *Cords of Adam* (Gerrard), occur at once among the recent comers. They are of the French *Pensée* class—detached, pointed, fruitful, suggestive "thoughts." Father Northcote had previously given us a collection of the kind entitled *Consolamini*. The present series—they have "some sort of rough sequence" (p. v)—is made up of reflections caught for the most part from Scriptural gems set at such angles as to give forth their primary radiance intermingled with the light they catch from the visible things of

creation. They are "thoughts of the heart," some of them going straight to—or shall we say coming from?—the apprehensional faculty of charity; others reaching the affectional intuition through the understanding; in each case *intellectum illuminando affectum inflammando.* Suggestive as points for meditation, or available as ready-to-hand nutriment for spiritual reading, they provide the priest with solid and practical truths which when occasion urges he can easily assimilate and give, vivified by the force of his own personality, to his expectant auditors.

THE DECREE ON DAILY COMMUNION. A Historical Sketch and Commentary. By Father Juan B. Ferreres, S.J. Translated by H. Jimenez, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder; London, Edinburgh: Sands & Co. 1909. Pp. 168.

FREQUENT AND DAILY COMMUNION. By Father Julius Lintello, S.J. Translated by A. O'B. and edited by Father Elder Mullan, S.J. New York, Philadelphia: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 1909. Pp. 63.

FREQUENT AND DAILY COMMUNION—EVEN FOR MEN. By F. M. De Zulueta. S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder; London, Edinburgh: Sands & Co. 1909. Pp. 23.

Whilst the two last-mentioned booklets of Fathers Lintello and Zulueta are in the form of appeals to the mind and heart, proposing suitable motives for the frequent and daily reception of Holy Communion not only for women but more especially for men of all ages, Father Ferreres addresses himself to the student of theology and in a general way to the clergy. His purpose is to explain the motive of the Decree *Sacra Tridentina Synodus.* For this purpose he goes into a somewhat extended study of the history of the customary reception of Communion, the controversies which arose regarding the frequency of receiving Holy Communion, and the opinions of the great theologians on either side of the contention. The development of the present practice is traced through the ages from the sixteenth century until now, and there are very interesting details given regarding the custom of Communion on Holy Saturday, and at the midnight Mass on Christmas. The chapters on frequent Communion for children, on Communion for the sick, Communion in religious houses, and on the Eucharistic League of Priests, are informing and judiciously suggestive for pastors of souls and spiritual directors. The book will serve as a use-

ful complement of the chapter on Communion of the faithful in the dogmatic tract *De Eucharistia*. The fact that it is here given in good readable English makes it all the more practical.

SOME GREAT CATHOLICS OF CHURCH AND STATE. By Bernard W. Kelly. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1909. Pp. 96.

Priests will find in this modest volume good and abundant material for illustrating their talks and addresses to men, especially young men. There is a special fascination in biography, and the example of men of our own time who have distinguished themselves in every important sphere of Church and State by acting out the principles of their religion in the use of their peculiar talents, serves as a strong incentive to faithful and energetic labor. The models which our author selects for our admiration and imitation belong to every type of national greatness, and represent Portugal, England, Poland, France, Germany, Ireland, Italy. Such well-known heroes as Fénelon, O'Connell, Newman, Windhorst, Russell of Killowen, Brownson, are included; others, like Camoëns, Crashaw, Schlegel, Manzoni, Patmore, are men whose works are known only to readers of choice literature, yet they are names that every Catholic may mention with honorable pride as representative of what is best in art, science, statesmanship, and letters. Many of them, being converts, found only in the Catholic Church that satisfaction and peace which their lofty aspirations impelled them to seek in her bosom after they had looked for it everywhere else in vain.

Literary Chat.

Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls is a somewhat odd composition. It contains of course many excellent precepts and suggestions for the guidance of priests; but there is a want of balance in the disposition of contents which scarcely justifies the title adopted for the book. It is quite evident that the work was put together with a vague motive of furnishing an antidote against the dangers that beset the secular presbyteries. The "housekeeper" and the unsociable assistant-priest get a disproportionate prominence in the little book, which leaves somehow the impression that the compilers were guided less by experience than by an analysis of what they have found in books. No doubt the German sources from which the volume is made up go into much detail and sounding of motives, as is the fashion with German books, but those for

whom the work appears chiefly to be intended will feel that the measure does not fit them. At all events the form is not calculated to attract many readers, despite the fact that it has good precedent and a fine subject.

The Early History of the Christian Church, by Monsignor Louis Duchesne, is a valuable and critically authenticated exposition of the discipline and social life of the Christian community during the first three centuries. The present translation (Longmans, Green & Co.) is made from the fourth French edition, and hence takes note of the recent discoveries of the Greek text of Hippolytus and of the Oxyrhynchus Papyri which make the birthplace and sojourn of Julius Africanus in Rome at the time of Alexander Severus a historical certainty.

Simultaneously with Duchesne's *History,* which goes down to the end of the third century, the Cathedral Library Association of New York publishes a reprint of *The Roman Church before Constantine,* taken from the *Autonomies Ecclésiastiques* by the same author.

Dr. Weber's *History of Simony in the Christian Church* is a dissertation that deserves the study of theological students in our day, notwithstanding that it deals with the aspects of the subject as presented to the historian before the time of Charlemagne; that is to say, before canon law took definite shape. Simony is a disease that is epidemic in the clerical body. In the days of rude and defiant methods, princes and bishops sold ecclesiastical benefices for definite sums of gold; to-day bishops may be found who devoutly disclaim simony, but pay for personal service out of the large treasury of ecclesiastical holdings and honors. The evil is the same, only we have got other names for it. Dr. Weber shows us the skeleton in its horrible shape, such as inspired the zeal, in subsequent ages, of a Leo IX and a Gregory VII, who made no pretence of ignoring the crime which had taken on the cloak of authority.

A useful booklet, in paper covers, is the *Short Course in Catholic Doctrine—for Non-Catholics Intending Marriage with Catholics,* by Fr. Durward. Some of our bishops, notably those of the ecclesiastical province of Milwaukee, make it obligatory upon all parties who wish to apply for dispensation to contract a mixed marriage, that the non-Catholic go under instruction in the Catholic doctrine for a brief period, in order that a certain harmony of understanding may be established between the two persons who are to bind themselves in perpetual union. This course has the advantage, first that it dispels many false notions and prejudices about the Catholic Church from the mind of the non-Catholic; secondly, it gives the priest the opportunity of explaining the obligations which the Catholic owes to his or her faith and which the non-Catholic is to pledge his honor to respect; thirdly, it brings about, in ninety cases out of a hundred, the actual conversion of the non-Catholic who becomes enlightened regarding the importance of religion, the sacred duties of

the marriage state, and the happiness which is brought about by a union of hearts in the vital matter of the salvation of the soul. Fr. Durward's pamphlet, recently published by the International Catholic Truth Society (Brooklyn), is an excellent manual for the purpose indicated.

B. Herder (St. Louis, Mo.) publishes a number of Spanish books of instruction and devotion which many priests will be glad to get, since the number of immigrants from Spanish-speaking districts, no less than that of natives of our new colonies, is very large and fast growing. A handsome little prayerbook is *Sursum Corda del Alma Christiana,* made up chiefly in honor of Our Lady of Sorrows, to whom Spaniards are greatly devoted.

Choice Morsels of the Bread of Life presents a good selection of Old-Testament readings in the style of our regular editions of the Bible, printed in parallel columns, with footnotes from the Vulgate. As Father Coppens, the compiler, says, many portions of the Old Testament are not inviting reading because they are scarcely intelligible unless interpreted in the light of their original purpose and writing. It is not true however that they are "no longer of practical application", and "little interesting to the modern mind." They are interesting when properly understood, and they are practical when rightly applied in their mystical and accommodated sense; although that application is not the same as it was to the Jews. It is an important doctrine that all of Holy Writ is inspired and as such useful for all time; it supposes of course the living teacher to make the practical application, even as our Lord and the inspired writers of the New Testament did in their own day.

The Pustets have published a third edition of Antonelli's *Medicina Pastoralis* for the use of confessors and theologians. The volumes are well edited, attractively printed, and suitably illustrated. In the treatment of pastoral medicine there is naturally constant progress, not simply because our greater mechanical perfection insures more successful operations in surgery and the like, but also because of the improved moral aspect in medical circles. The chances of saving life under given conditions is much greater to-day than it was twenty years ago, and the certainty has rendered the morality of certain operations sound which formerly were regarded as purely experimental, and hence discountenanced by the moralist. Dr. Antonelli's position in some instances of this character may be disputed, but to do so is a matter as difficult as it is delicate, since it requires exact knowledge of both ethics and surgery and a well-balanced judgment to draw the line between morals and utility.

Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, is a typical representative of the cultured and progressive Catholic churchman of to-day. The Belgian clergy have found in him a model administrator. His pastoral acts betoken a great shepherd such as suggests the zeal of a Gregory or a St. Charles. Wherever he speaks he masters his audiences, and leaves the

impression of a man who bends all his energies upon improving and elevating conditions about him. He is fearless in overriding traditional prejudices, and announces his reforms in the pastoral as in the social field by giving sound reasons for what he proposes to do.

The intellectual world no less than the ecclesiastical and social elements in whose behalf Cardinal Mercier labors, recognizes his superiority, irrespective of creed or profession. A good evidence of this was given when recently the prize of ten thousand francs was assigned to him for the best scientific work written in philosophy within the last ten years. The judges were unanimous in their decision, and yet they belonged, with probably only one exception, to schools of philosophy antagonistic to the neo-scholasticism of which the Cardinal is a strong champion. The board of judges is appointed by the Ministry of Sciences and Arts. The candidates are selected from a list prepared by the Department of Moral and Political Sciences of the Royal Academy of Belgium. Two of the jury were professors of the University of Brussels, two from that of Louvain, and one from the athenæum of Hasselt. Canon Bossu, one of the Louvain judges, happens to be a priest, but his Cartesian prepossessions are well-known. Nevertheless, all voices were for Cardinal Mercier, who is as eminent a thinker as he is a priest and ruler.

The Catholic University of Louvain was founded in 1424 as a school of science in the departments of jurisprudence and medicine. Later on the faculties of theology and its ancillary disciplines were added, a fact which reminds the modern student of sociology that after all the Church did think very much of science—apart from purely ecclesiastical studies—before the so-called Reformation came in. The French revolution caused this great Catholic school of learning to close. But in 1834 it started a fresh growth from the old roots. Beginning with eighty-six students then, it has gradually grown in numbers until there are nearly three thousand, counting non-residents who attend the lectures of the annual courses.

At the recent Jubilee celebration in commemoration of the renewal of the University work seventy-five years ago, the Doctorate of Law was conferred upon a small and choice number of distinguished men of science and achievement, among whom was President Lowell, of Harvard University, the only American non-Catholic so honored.

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